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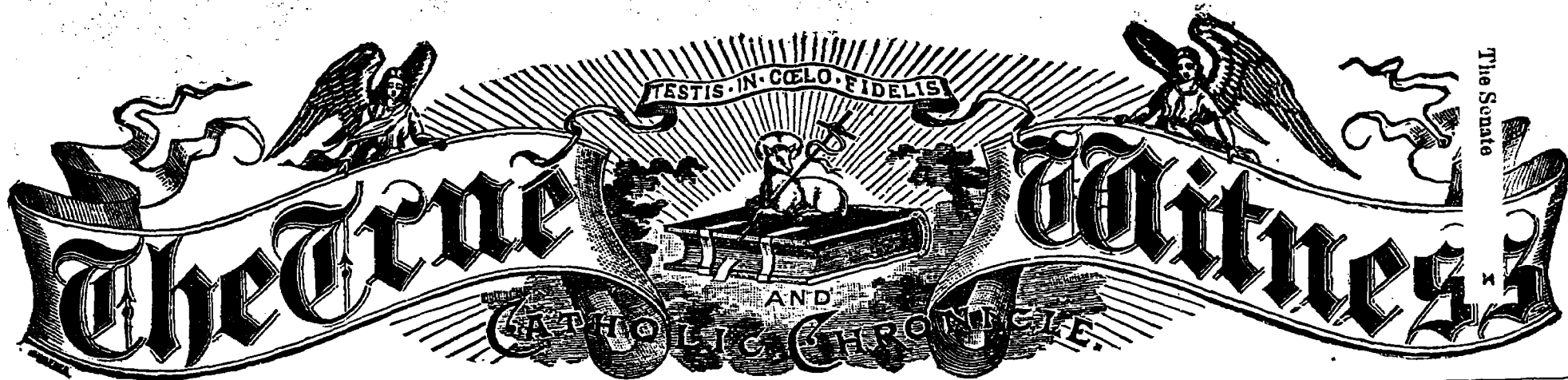
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ST. PATRICK'S RENOVATED

Elaborate and Artistic Changes to be Made.

A Short Account of the Plans and Designs of the Improvements Already Commenced—The Decorations—The Woodwork—The New Galleries and Organ—The Monumental Windows and the Exterior Renovations.

AS WE ANNOUNCED some time ago a complete renovation of St. Patrick's Church was in contemplation, it will be of deep interest to all our Montreal readers and to many former Montrealers, who still keep alive their communion with the city and their former fellow-citizens by means of THE TRUE WITNESS, to know that the intentions of a grand restoration—or rather rejuvenation—of the good old parish church are about to be carried into execution, and that the dreams of many a lover of the historic temple are soon to be realized. Having seen the plans, and examined all the details of the work, we do not think we exaggerate in saying that when the work actually commenced is completed, that St. Patrick's Church of Montreal will be one of the grandest, if not the grandest, Catholic temple of worship in Canada. Of course it would be impossible for us to picture in words that which we can only as yet imagine from the information we have received and from the plans and styles of decoration that we have seen; but beyond all question such a transformation will take place that not even the most sanguine would believe until they have actually beheld the improvements.

In the first place nothing has been left undone to secure a complete success. Time has been taken, churches over the continent have been examined, plans have been asked for and received, these have been carefully studied and compared with the utmost possible impartiality; and having in view but one object—the best work obtainable—the promoters of the undertaking have decided upon designs and details calculated to even create a greater surprise than any person could anticipate.

Before commencing our account of the plans, the designs, the decorations, the internal improvements and external renovations, we desire to mention the fact that the very best workmanship and the very best materials, as well as the highest order of talent in each line, have been called into requisition. As we proceed we will specially call attention to the persons or firms in charge of the different sections of the work.

The contract for the internal decoration has been awarded to Messrs. Arnold and Locke, Church decorators, of Brooklyn, New York. We may safely state that these gentlemen have long since earned a world-wide reputation for themselves in this particular line. Their

methods as well as their style are unique and particular to themselves. All the churches that have been touched by these artists bear a resemblance to each other, but are distinct in coloring and design from every other one in the world. Mr. Locke, who by the way is a nephew of the late Mgr. Conroy, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, is a master in the art of color blending and harmonizing of details to correspond with all the surroundings. The result is infallibly the same in all the churches that his master brush has touched. So delicate, so light, so harmonious, so soothing, so refining are the effects, that a stranger on entering draws irresistibly back, as if struck by some glorious apparition, and the sense of peace, combined with an elevation of thought, that steals over the observer, seems to mysteriously force the dazzled mind to pause—and to adore. We cannot speak too highly of the sample of the blending of colors and effects in light that we have examined from the pencil of the artist. What then shall it be when the whole of that immense church is under the spell of such a transformation! Truly might we apply to such a picture the description of Holy Cross, by Simmons:—

"With a splendor such as round a bright sunset glows,
In beauty and grandeur that temple arose."

The decoration, however, will, for the present, be limited to the nave, or body of the church. The sanctuary will not be touched until later on. The coloring will be a light salmon shade, that is at once gay and most pleasing to the eye. It is a new departure and one so suited to the requirements of St. Patrick's that the result can scarcely be conceived—nor will it be thoroughly appreciated until seen more than once.

In harmony with the present pews, the walls from floor to windows will be wainscotted in red Indiana oak and paneled in harmony with the present new fittings of the church. The fourteen Stations of the Cross will be keyed into this panneling. There will be on each side two lateral chapels, to serve as oratories, which will harmonize exactly with the wood work of the walls, presenting a most beautiful picture of splendid workmanship and design upon each side of the church. This wood-work is to be done by Messrs. Paquet & Godbout, of Montreal and St. Hyacinthe. Of course the entrance, or front end of the church, will be finished in the same ma-

terial and even in a more elaborately artistic manner.

The old gallery, upon which the organ rested, and most of the space of which was occupied by that instrument, will be completely and entirely changed. A second gallery above it will serve as an organ loft, and there the present instrument, which is to be remodeled and practically made over, will be so divided that no obstruction to the vast flood of light, coming through the great, round tower window, will exist. The organist will have the singers in front of him and the space will be so increased that one hundred singers or persons may find room at the organ. As it was there could not be more than sixty accommodated comfortably. Messrs. Casavant Brothers, of St. Hyacinthe, one of the best known firms of organ builders in Canada, intend transforming the old instrument into a magnificent new one, supplied with electric appliances and built to harmonize with the plans, designs and decorations of the church.

The lower, or old gallery, will be fitted up in amphitheatre form, with graded pews, and perhaps the best view of the whole church will be had from that section of the edifice. It is surprising, but nevertheless it is a fact, that very many good sized country churches do not afford more room than will that gallery when the work is completed. It is fifty feet deep and one hundred feet long. Just imagine a space of fifty by a hundred feet being added thus to St. Patrick's Church. And yet this change will not necessitate any encroachment upon the space heretofore enjoyed.

Seen from the body of the Church, this gallery will present a wonderfully grand appearance. The two magnificent, elegantly curved staircases that are to lead up to the gallery will form a contrast with the present difficult and corkscrew mode of ascent. In a word it would be impossible to give an idea of the changes that will take place. Harmony of coloring, fresh floods of light from the unobstructed central window, new space even equivalent to that of a whole Church, easy access to the gallery, a magnificent new organ provided with all the modern improvements known to the builders of those instruments, and finally a perfection of design, that will stand as an immortalizing monument to the genius of the architect.

Before touching upon the many other changes and renovations to be made we have a word to say about Mr. William E. Doran, of Montreal, the architect whose plan has been unanimously accepted and which has been the wonder and delight of all who are connoisseurs in architectural drawing. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Doran can safely stake his reputation upon this work. Truly must it have been "a labor of love," one inspired by deep veneration for the grand and historical Church that it is intended to decorate. There is a delicacy of tracing, an imposing beauty of ensemble, a softness, an appropriateness and a completeness about the whole plan

that all appeal to the artistic eye, to the higher sense of architectural appreciation, and that indicate careful study combined with a natural talent of no ordinary merit. We are under the sincere impression that any words of praise we can bestow upon that achievement will fall far short of the architect's deserts and will appear cold compared with the expressions of astonishment and pleasure that must necessarily arise on all sides when the designs are carried into execution and the picture thus sketched is realized.

Besides these improvements, changes and additions we must not omit to make mention of the windows. They will be of the highest order, and also are being prepared to correspond with the woodwork, the plans, the decorations, the colorings, and especially the light required in the church to complete the whole work. Two in particular are deserving of immediate attention. They are the monumental windows that shall occupy the first places, on either side, without the sanctuary. The one on the Gospel side will be a St. Patrick and on the Epistle side a St. Bridget. These two windows will cost \$1050 each, and are being made by the Austrian Innsbruck Glass Staining Company. The one on the Gospel side will represent St. Patrick, life size, in the act of chasing the reptiles from Ireland, and the lower section will represent a scene in the life of the great Apostle of Ireland, probably the preaching to the King on Tara. Beneath this representation will be a life-like bust of the late lamented pastor of St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Dowd. In fact, it will be a most appropriate monumental window, and a tribute to one whose life was almost entirely spent in labor for the good of the great central Irish parish of Montreal. Being the first window outside the sanctuary and on the side of honor, it is appropriate that it should commemorate the virtues and deeds of the venerable and devoted father of the parish. Besides, at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, upon which the window looks down, Father Dowd said the greatest number of his masses. The colossal window on the Epistle side will contain a life size representation of St. Bridget, and the lower section will represent that glorious patroness of Irishwomen in the act of distributing alms to the poor.

We might also add that the different paintings that have for years hung upon the walls of St. Patrick's, and which were old and dim with the passage of half a century over their faces, have been entirely renovated, and to-day they appear as fresh and as perfect as when the last stroke of the artist's brush touched them into completion.

There is, however, something that is required even more than the proposed decorations and without which such decorations would be in danger of early deterioration. We refer to the exterior, especially the roof of the church. For over fifty years the present tin roof has withstood all the storms of summer and winter, and it has done admirably well

Continued on Third page.

THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS BY
DOMINIC CHRISTIE.

Once upon a time, in a great city where art was much thought of, a dusty, tangle-haired old man, pallid with much study, sat poring over tomes in a garret. Strewed on the floor were books of every size and style, and the walls all round, as high as the sloping ceiling, were lined with books; among the books were many pieces of brass and other metals, wrought into instruments of strange design.

The man was an inventor. In his youth he had been an artist and he had painted great pictures that had seemed to him to vie almost with the pictures of nature, drawn by the hand of God himself; so like were they to the reality. But the world had crowded into the Salon where they were exhibited and had scoffed at them, saying: "Who ever saw a scene of nature like to that?" "What fool has wasted time and pigment fashioning puerilities like this?" And the critics who had felt not the travail of painting these pictures said learnedly: "There is no art in them."

When the young painter, who was full of ambition and a desire to do right in art, had heard all these things, despair would have taken possession of his soul, but a stream of light like the bright rays of the sun let into a long time darkened room, suddenly lit up his mind, and he withdrew himself to a garret and painted no more, but occupied his genius with reading in many books and experiments with curious instruments of iron and brass.

After many years he sprang up suddenly one day, with a wondrous light in his eyes, for he had discovered that for which he had sought so long. He went out into the streets and walked joyously and lightly forward as if he trod on air, and he looked boldly to the right and left into the faces of the passers-by and smiled.

"At last!" he said. "At last, I shall test them, at last I shall see if they know the creations of the Omnipotent from that which is fashioned by the sons of men."

In the habitations of art it was carelessly said that one who had been away from art since his youth, and had now grown bent and grey with age, would show a picture of unique and startling composition.

The old man himself had passed this whisper round.

The picture was hung in the Salon and when the votaries of fashion and the dilettantes came they said, lightly. "Let us see this picture painted by Methusalem."

The picture was of a rural scene; of trees on a gently sloping hillside; the leaves on the trees were tinted with the ruddy hues of autumn, and above: The sky was blue without a cloud. This was on the first day and as the dilettantes passed they said, "Oh, there is nothing new in this picture, it is not unique as was said; and the fashionables having heard this and learnt what judgment to give, cried, Bah, it is common, it has nothing of nature in it; let us pass on and see the picture of the battle scene painted by the new painter.

The ancient artist on the outskirts of the crowd listened to their judgment of his work. "Their verdict is nothing," he said, soon a great artist will see it and he will know the reality that is in it; but when one great artist after another passed it and looked carelessly and indifferently upon it the eyes of the old man grew dim and his face pale, but he still waited, hoping that at least one would stop and show appreciation of it. But they all passed on, except one callow, awkward youth, who glanced at it, then came back and looked again, then walked into the distance, then returning seated himself finally to view it from the seat beside the old man. The two fell into conversation and the youth disclosed that he longed to become a great artist. Then pointing to the picture he said, "Who was the painter of that picture?"

And the old man said, "God." The youth told him: "All the pictures I paint I try to make like that, but the world laughs and will not have them of me."

The old man and the youth sat side by side for all the day, but none of those

who passed showed interest in the picture. Towards the early evening the youth, still looking at it, started, and said suddenly:

"See! there is a white cloud in the sky."

The old man smiled. "But look!" said the youth, clutching hard at the man's arm, "The cloud moves; it floats across the sky."

"Who painted that picture?" he asked again, his eyes staring wide.

The old man did not speak. Then the youth rose up with perspiration on his face and went close to the picture.

"Quick! Look! Look!" he said. See, there is a rabbit scampering through grass; it is alive. See now; it disappears beneath the ground. Look! I swear the leaves of the trees are waving in the breeze, and the clouds move and animals have life. What picture is this? None but the hand of God could make a scene like this—or—or—"and he hesitated and drew back in terror from the artist.

"It was the hand of God," said the old man.

Every day the artist and the youth came and watched the picture, and the leaves on its trees fell off one by one; sometimes its sky was blue, sometimes grey and sullen, and sometimes white fleecy clouds floated across its azure surface, but none but the artist and the youth admired the picture.

One day a famous artist passed with a book in his hand and the sky in the picture was black and lowering and the leaves were drooping as with rain. The great man read in his book "Blue sky, leaves tinted in early autumn hues." He carefully compared the numbers to see that he was right, then he went away.

Next day he came round with a companion, he had the same book in his hand. When he came to the picture he glanced at it again, then hurriedly at his book. The sky of the picture was blue again. He talked volubly to his friend and they walked quickly away. The old man who had been sitting with the youth as usual rose, and they both went out of the building. "Come to my address to-night," he said to the youth, "and I will give you the secret of the picture, for I am old and shall not need it, but you are young and love art as I once loved it."

The old man went slowly home.

At night the youth climbed the high stairs to the artist's garret and knocked. There was no answer. He opened the door: a light was in the room and the artist sat in his chair amid the dusty books and instruments that strewed the floor and lined the walls. There was a smile on his face. The youth spoke to him but got no answer; he went closer and touched him; there was no response; then his face grew very white and tears of anguish flooded his eyes, for there had grown up in him a great love for the old man.

He went down to the people of the house in great sorrow and said to them: "The old artist is dead."

The next day the youth went to the salon to look at the picture; there was a great throng around it and he said to himself, exultantly: "Ah! at last they appreciate it." He looked over their shoulders; then dimly at the babbling crowd.—The picture was gone. Through its frame was to be seen the green bare walls of the Salon. One would think the frame had never held a picture. Those in authority said the frame should be taken down, and examined for it was of curious workmanship. When this was done there was found in it, cunningly hidden, some strange mechanisms of brass; and motors for the generation of electricity, also there were bits of mirror, lenses of glass, and copper wire curiously twisted. But none ever even guessed the meaning of these things except the youth, the friend of the old dead painter. And of all the throng that was there, of all the artists; there was but one who knew of a surety, that in art the judgment of the world is the judgment of fools.

THE CATHOLIC PROTECTION AND RESCUE SOCIETY

FOR IMMIGRANT ORPHANS.

The committee had a meeting on Thursday, December 13th. The visiting of the boys under 16, placed in the city, was divided between J. Killoran, vice-president, Michael Clarke, and D. Baxter. The statement about the children placed was very satisfactory. Only one child, in

the country, had to be removed. After New Year's full statement will be brought before the committee about all the boys and girls in the city and all the children placed in the country in 1894. As it was remarked before, the outfittings of the Home, 11 St. Thomas street, are covered by private donations, all other expenses being paid by the societies in England. The following list was read and requested to be published in THE TRUE WITNESS:—

The benefactors of the poor who subscribed already one or more shares of \$5.00 each towards the Irish Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Ann's parish, in behalf of the Home for Immigrant Orphans:

Chs. Lyman, president, 1 share; J. Killoran, vice-president, 1 do; Wm. Daly, treasurer, 1 do; Pat. O'Reilly, secretary, 1 do; Jas. Rodgers 1 do; M. J. Ryan 1 do; C. Dunn 1 do; J. Quinn 1 do; Chs. McNally 1 do; J. Davis 1 do; late Dan. Shea 1 do; D. Baxter 1 do; P. McDermot 1; J. Cantwell 1; M. Clarke 1; William Turner 1; Joseph Johnson 1; Charles Craine 1; James Griffin 2; John Slattery 1; Andrew Oullinan 1; Hon. Alphonse Desjardins 1; Ald. Thos. Conroy 1; Edw. J. Kennedy, M. D. 1; Gus. Demers, M. D. 1; P. McCrovy 1; Rich. McShane 1; F. X. Dube 1; J. Kane 1; Ths. Hanly 1; Wm. Daly, jun. 1; P. Cammerford 1; Jos. McGuire, 1; P. Fianery 1; Dan. Gallery 1; Jas. McCrovy (6 Ottawa Street) 1; J. Power (McCord Street) 1; Mich. Savage 1; J. O'Donnell 1; P. Gallery 1; J. O'Neil (Notre Dame Street) 1; Dan. Darragh 1; Eiw. Murphy (Young Street) 1; P. Kannon 1; P. McGurn 1; Dan. Donnelly 1; P. Malone 1; P. McKeown 1; P. McCarthy 1; Wm. Condon 1.

LADIES' LIST.—Mrs. Wm. Brennan 10 shares; Mrs. J. Killoran 1; Mrs. Joseph Gareau 1; Mrs. Ths. Gallery 1; Mrs. Wid. Doheney 1; Mrs. Loignon 1.

(To be continued.)

TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD PREMIER.

Hon. J. J. Curran's Address at the Sir John A. Macdonald Club.

In consideration of the fact that Hon. Mr. Curran's address, on the death of Sir John Thompson, was the only one delivered by an Irish Catholic representative, we deem it proper to give our readers the benefit of those touching remarks.

The president called upon Hon. J. J. Curran, the Solicitor-General, who said: "The occasion that brings us together is unexpressibly sad. What can my feeble words add to the chorus of pain and praise that resounds in wailing notes around us! How could I be expected to give utterance even to my own sentiments on the calamity that has befallen our country through the death of Canada's

BEST AND BRIGHTEST SON, the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson? He was my friend, I loved him as a brother; he treated me as one. He was a great man; the Empire, the English and French-speaking worlds testify to it. He was a good man—that his bitterest foes have with singular unanimity accorded to his memory. As a rising statesman the statute book of his native province gives evidence of his ability, and in later years the imprint of his genius is to be seen on every subject within the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament. Outside of his Canadian home—in London, in Washington and in Paris, he has left imperishable monuments to his fame. The principles of the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, so ably maintained by Sir John Abbott, our lamented leader had accepted as a precious inheritance. Sir John Macdonald, aided by the patriotism of those who surrounded him, had cast deep into the soil the foundations of our national existence and raised to grand proportions the sacred edifice of our destinies. He would have died poor but for the generosity of his friends. Sir John Abbott arrived upon the scene, and though independent as to pecuniary means, yet suffering intensely from a cruel malady had devoted his declining years to the perpetuation of the work of his illustrious predecessor. Sir John Thompson, taking up the herculean task, had labored with the mighty problems of Canadian nationhood, and amidst untold difficulties had struggled for the good and glory of his country and the Empire, crowning his illustrious career by laying down his life at the foot of the throne. His brief but brilliant

career is a model for the public men of to-day, as well as for future generations of servants of the people. He has given a tone to the leadership that will cause Canada to exact private worth as well as public virtue. He was no mere wire-pulling politician, and knavish tricks he despised, and I can apply to him now, with still greater force than I once had the privilege of doing on the floor of Parliament, on a memorable occasion, the words of Norman Macleod:—

"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fear the light,
Whether winning, whether losing,
Fear the Lord and do the right."

Sir John Thompson's influence for good has already made itself felt throughout the country. He was persecuted for conscience sake, but those who assailed him are amongst the most grief-stricken to-day. Religious differences are already effaced in such matters, and Mr. Bowell's personal purity and public probity will make him acceptable to all creeds and classes. In this solemn moment can we forget Lady Thompson and her five orphan children in her and their unutterable affliction. Most affectionate husband, tender-hearted father that he was, he had to sacrifice the interests of his home upon the altar of his country, Surely the appeal to be made for the stricken family will find an echo in every generous Canadian heart, and on the tombstone of the illustrious departed will be engraved indelibly: "His Countrymen were not Ungrateful."

THE CHRISTMASTIDE.

"Gloria-in-excelis." Bright angels sang,
In ages past, one Christmas morn,
As hovering o'er that strawy-bed,
Wheron the Infant-Christ was laid,
While Mary Immaculate meek and pure,
Did o'er her Son and Saviour pur,
Forth sacred praise and mother's love,
A greeting from the Holy Dove;
Exultant sang the joyous hymn,
Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

O wilder, sweeter, swells the strain,
A thousand Seraph-hands again,
Sweep o'er their harpsichords of gold,
O bliss, immortal bliss untold,
But stay—what pen can e'er describe,
That rapturous strain, that heavenly tide,
That bore the grandest song of love,
That e'er graced earth, or heaven above,
And wakes soul-schos now, as when
Peace came to earth, hope came to men,

O Joy of Joys—a God is born,
Jesus the Only begotten Son,
Of the Most High and Holy One,
Has come to claim frail, fallen man,
From out the wearisome path of sin,
A God! The prophet, God and law,
Born in a stable strewed with straw,
O happy tidings that they sang,
With gladness ringing now as then,
"Sweet peace on earth, good-will to men."

The shepherds left their flocks alone,
And guided by that star that shone,
Came where it paused o'er Bethlehem,
And falling did the Christ adore,
The Promised One, of ancient love,
The Word made flesh, the Truth divine,
The world's great hope, that Christmas time,
The kings and wisemen also came,
With treasured offerings to Him then
O Peace of earth, O Hope of men.

Can we behold a scene so rare,
Those azure eyes, the golden hair,
The dimpled hand, the brow of snow,
Can we, unmoved, behold a knave,
So soon those eyes will blinded be,
While tears for weak mortality,
Will mingle with the sacred dew,
That dyes those locks a crimson hue,
While by those self same hand will hang,
"Twixt heaven and earth the Hope of men.

Then hark the Christmas from afar,
A vigil kept that holy hour,
A blessing greet that sacred morn,
The Bride-groom of the Church was born,
True friendship's brightest fires do burn,
To greet the Dear One's glad return,
While love for our sweet Infant-guest,
Will draw us closer to His breast,
Dear Christmas tide, we hail thee then,
With "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

West Constable, N. Y. MABEL A. LONG.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

AT ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL, DOMINION SQ.

At midnight Mass, first performance in America of Felix Godefrois', "Messe de la Resurrection," arranged for men's voices by G. Couture, with organ and string orchestra accompaniment. At the Offertory, Theodore Dubois' "Adeste Fideles," arranged for men's voices by G. Couture, with cello obligato, by Mr. Charbonneau. Soloists: Messrs. Edouard Lebel, Antoine Destroismaisons, Frederic Pelletier, E. Guillemette. Organist, Mr. Octave Pelletier. Choir-master, Mr. G. Couture.

At 10 a.m., High Mass, the same music as at Midnight Mass.

At Vespers and Benediction, 3.30 p.m.—Gounod's hymn, "Jesu Redemptor omnium"; Mozart's "Magnificat"; Theodore Dubois' "Adeste Fideles"; Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung by Mr. Ed. Lebel, with violin obligato by Mr. J. J. Goulet; Riga's "Tantum ergo"; Gounod's "Laudate Dominum omnes gentes," with organ and orchestra accompaniment.

ST. PATRICK'S RENOVATED.

Continued from first page.

for its time. But it is now unfit to protect a church such as St. Patrick's is about to become. Consequently the old tin will be replaced by slate and an entirely new roof will cover an entirely new church. The contract has been given to the Montreal Roofing Company, of which ex-Alderman Enoch James is president. Mr. James has done some of the most perfect roofing that Montreal can boast, and we are confident that in the present case he will exert himself in an exceptional manner in order to leave a lasting monument of his company's roofing for the thousands who will admire St. Patrick's to appreciate and praise.

It must be remembered that St. Patrick's Church was never completed. The steeple upon it to-day was never intended to be permanent, nor does it at all correspond with the architectural design of the edifice. In fact, St. Patrick's is built in the purest of Gothic style, and when it shall be entirely finished it will present exteriorly as well as interiorly one of the most striking and perfect of ecclesiastical buildings in Canada. Doubtless the hurried sketch we have attempted to give of the proposed renovation will be pleasant to many of our readers. There are hundreds and even thousands scattered over America to-day who remember with affection St. Patrick's of Montreal. Here it was that they were baptized, or married, or made their first communion, or were confirmed, or attended the Holy Mass on Sundays. Here also many of them knelt while the solemn requiem was chanted over the remains of a father, a mother, a wife, a husband, a child, or some dear relative, or never-to-be-forgotten friend. Sacred and tender memories of the past cling to old St. Patrick's; grand and happy associations cluster around that temple. There all shall arise, fresh and powerful before the minds of the many who knew and loved the church in the days now dead.

It will be the renovation of a paternal home, the restoration of a cherished shrine, the paying of a deserved tribute to the memories of those who lived and labored for that Church. We will say no more for the present; all we desire is to impress upon our readers the importance of the work about to commence, and to give a faint idea of what is to be expected when that work shall be completed.

One word more. An endless debt of gratitude is due to the Rev. Father Quinlivan, the energetic and good pastor of St. Patrick's, and also to his assistant priests, for the work that has been done for the Church and for the congregation. We hope that this movement will serve to emphasize that feeling of thankfulness and to make all appreciate the importance of what is being done for the parish and for its temple. This rejuvenated Church will be a long-lasting monument to the zeal, the devotedness and the loving attachment to Church and to parishioners that characterize the present pastor and all the good priests associated with him.

EARLY HISTORY OF ST. PATRICK'S.

A Brief Sketch of the Past Fifty Years.

It was in 1817 that zealous priest of St. Sulpice learned that a small colony of Irish-Catholics met every Sunday in the Church of Our Lady of Good Help, (*Notre Dame de Bonsecours*). They numbered about fifty in all, when Father Richards, a convert to Catholicity and a priest of the Seminary, came to them. In 1880, the congregation had largely increased and the old Recollet Church became their place of worship. It was there that the future Bishop of Kingston, the Rev. Father Phelan, commenced his career of usefulness as pastor of our people. When the Church of Notre Dame was completed, Rev. Father Richards gathered the Irish-Catholic soldiers in the British garrison, and all the civilians who could not find room at the Recollet Church, and said early Mass for and preached to them. Still did the numbers of Irish-Catholics increase, there was no longer sufficient

accommodation for them at *Bonsecours*, the Recollet and Notre Dame. Rev. Frs. Phelan had become Bishop of Kingston, and was succeeded by Rev. J. J. Connolly. At last representations were made to the Seminary and Fabrique as to the necessity of a new church, and the Fabrique decided that it should be called St. Patrick's. The Rev. Abbe Quiblier, Superior of St. Sulpice, who had a great esteem for the Irish people, strongly supported the movement. On the 20th May, 1843, the land was purchased from the Rocheblave family for \$20,000. The Bishop of Montreal had the ground broken, blessed the site and a cross was planted thereon. On the 26th September, 1843, the corner stones were laid and blessed. There were seven stones, all blessed by Mgr. Bourget, and laid by the following:—1st by the Bishop, 2nd by the Mayor, 3rd by the Speaker of the House of Assembly, 4th by the Chief Justice, 5th by the President of the Irish Temperance Association, 6th by the President of St. Patrick's Society, and 7th by the President of the Hibernian Benevolent Society. The work was rapidly pushed under Messrs. Compte & Morr. On the 17th March, 1847, the church was dedicated to St. Patrick and the inauguration took place.

The Bishop of Montreal was present. The High Mass was chanted by Rt. Rev. J. C. Prince, coadjutor of the Bishop, and the first pastor, Rev. J. J. Connolly, preached a most eloquent sermon.

Until 1860 Rev. Father Connolly presided over the fortunes of the new church and parish. Some years previous, on a visit to Ireland, Rev. Mr. Quiblier had secured the services of Fathers Dowd, O'Brien, McCullough and others. When the Rev. Father Connolly retired in 1860, Rev. Father Dowd was at once appointed parish priest. The life and labors of Father Dowd, for thirty years as pastor of St. Patrick's, the esteem, love and veneration in which he was held by all sections of the community, the grief manifested on the occasion of his death, the fond memories still kept fresh and that will last as long as one of those who knew him survives, and which will be perpetuated from generation to generation, require no elaboration at our hands. St. Patrick's renovated Church will be a magnificent monument to the great and good priest, who might be called the father of the parish.

The Church Itself.

St. Patrick's Church is of Gothic architecture of the 14th and 15th centuries. Its extreme length is 233 feet and extreme width, 105 feet. The foundation walls are 10 feet thick and the height of the ceiling is 85 feet. The height of the steeple is calculated to be 228 feet. The church cost between \$40,000 and \$50,000. The acoustic properties are admirably adapted for preaching and music. There are two bells that had been chosen from four that formerly hung in the steeple of the old French church. The large one, called *La Vieille Charlotte*, is of French make, and is said to have silver in its composition, which accounts for its singularly fine tone.

The Church has been distinguished, from the beginning, for the number and character of its religious, charitable, social and literary institutions. Among these are:—St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society; The Living Rosary; The Ladies of Charity; The Catholic Young Men's Society; The Leo Club; The Catechism Society and the Children of Mary. The following is a list of clergymen who officiated at different times in St. Patrick's since 1847:—Rev. Fathers Richards, Connolly, O'Connell (still living at the ripe old age of 93), Morgan, McCullough, MacMahon, Dowd, O'Brien, Hogan, O'Farrell (the late Bishop of Trenton), Brown, Bakewell, Toupin, Martin Callaghan, James Callaghan, Quinlivan, Singer and Leclaire.

The present staff of the Church consists of Rev. Father Quinlivan, P.P., Rev. Father M. Toupin, Rev. Father J. McCallen, Rev. Father M. Callaghan, Rev. Father J. Callaghan and Rev. Father Fahey.

The events of the year 1887, when the two-fold Golden Jubilee of Fathers Dowd and Toupin took place, are still vividly before us all. Father Toupin still remains, enjoying exceptional health, and beloved, as ever, by all the parishioners, young and old, to whom he has ever been a most faithful and loving friend. May he have many more years of life and strength to witness the magnificence of the Church in which so much of his

busy and zealous life has been spent, and to continue the work that he has so energetically and devotedly carried on in the midst of the Irish-Catholic population of Montreal. In the hearts of the people is Father Dowd enshrined, and there shall his memory live. Certainly, from his home above, he must smile approvingly upon the undertaking of which we have spoken, and—if the blessed can know such a sentiment—feel proud of the fruits of his long years of labor and devotion.

May the work be blessed by the Patron Saint of the Church and of our people; for truly it is to be a credit to the Irish-Catholics of Montreal, an honor to the artists, architect and workmen, an object of legitimate pride for the pastor and all the good priests of the parish, while it will be a fitting acknowledgment that the house of God should be, in accordance with the circumstances of its situation, worthy the infinite glory of its Creator, and the stupendous mysteries of the Immortal Faith that it is destined to behold.

The Advisory Committee.

To assist the Rev. Pastor in the work, the pewholders, by ballot, elected the following gentlemen to act as an Advisory Committee: Hon. Senator Murphy, Dr. Hingston, Hon. J. J. Curran, Messrs. Owen McGarvey, James O'Brien, Wm. E. Doran and W. H. Cunningham. This committee has been most active in securing the best possible designs, workmanship and talent in order to make a positive success of the grand undertaking.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE.

Germany's First Catholic Premier Since the Reformation.

Prince Hohenlohe, the new German Chancellor, or Premier, is a Bavarian. Most high officers in the new German Empire are Prussians, and inasmuch as Prussia is the predominating state in the empire, and the Hohenzollers—at least in this age—are Prussians, it would seem likely that the Premier would be Prussian.

And the fact that he is a Bavarian may cause Hohenlohe trouble at Berlin, for what seems a trifle to a broad-minded man often influences history, nevertheless.

Hohenlohe is a Catholic. Bavaria, from which he comes, is largely a Catholic State, but Germany is in the main a Protestant—a Lutheran Empire—and Europe, doubtless, even in this liberal age, will think it strange that the Lutheran Emperor should choose a Catholic for his right hand.

Next, Hohenlohe is a very old man. Very old men have often been Premiers, and sometimes very good ones. But one of the excuses the German Emperor gave for the overthrow of Bismarck was his advancing age. "Bismarck is getting too old," he said; "he clings to old and archaic ideas. I want a younger man—one who will grow."

Hohenlohe is older now than Bismarck was when the famous old man of blood and iron went out of office. Bismarck was born in 1815; Hohenlohe was born in 1819. Bismarck has been out of office four years and a half.

A man of nearly 76 is pretty old to take up the cares of a great military monarchy of 50,000,000 people, a state of comparatively recent formation, held together largely by the memories of the bloody glories of Gravelotte and Sedan and surrounded by powerful enemies.

For five years Hohenlohe has occupied a position which has no parallel in Europe; at least outside of Russian or Turkish Europe. All this time he has been the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, the territory stripped from France by Germany as the result of the war of 1870-71.

As Governor of the countries that were once French, Hohenlohe has had practically an autocratic power.

Prince Hohenlohe was born at Rotenburg, in Bavaria, March 31, 1819, and is the chief of the second branch of the princely line of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg. At first he had only the title of Prince of Ratibor and Corvey, but succeeded, in 1846, his brother, Philip Ernest, in the titles and honors of Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst by virtue of a contract made with his elder brother, the Duke of Ratibor.

When Marshal Manteuffel, the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, died, Hohenlohe succeeded him. In the government of

those conquered provinces Manteuffel had been severe, but his successor surpassed him. He seemed to have abandoned all his liberal ideas of years before, and he was ruthless in his attempt to complete the Germanization of the country.

As Foreign Minister of Bavaria, he issued on April 9, 1869, a famous circular directing the attention of the European cabinets to the serious consequences likely to arise from the decrees of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. This played a great part in the coming elections for the Bavarian Parliament. In the new Parliament his party and the party of the opposition had the same number of men. There was another election, and his opponents won. He retired from the Cabinet in November, 1869, but the King refused to accept his resignation. However, the opposition was so strong that he was forced to retire in February, 1870.

The Prince resumed his seat in the Bavarian House of Peers, and in a few months, when France threatened war against Germany, made himself conspicuous by insisting that Bavaria take a part in the struggle. Either by accident or design, this was good politics for Hohenlohe, for upon the successful termination of the war in 1871 he was elected a member of the first German Parliament, and, in recognition of his services for the cause of united Germany, became immediately its Vice President. —*Western Watchman*.

"Papa, what is a fad?" "A fad, my son, is somebody else's fancy."

WASTED TO A SKELETON.

Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Sir—For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before taking Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. Step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves while taking the "Discovery." To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and eighty-seven, and am well and strong.



ISAAC E. DOWNS, ESQ. at one hundred and eighty-seven, and am well and strong.

PIERCE Guar-antees a CURE.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" has also cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we purchased three bottles of your "Discovery," which healed it up perfectly. Respectfully yours, ISAAC E. DOWNS.

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MONTREAL. City and District Savings Bank

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Eight Dollars per share on the Capital stock of this institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Wednesday, the 2nd day of January next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st December next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

HY. BARBEAU, Manager. Montreal, 23th November, 1894, 21 3

THE SCHOOL BILL DEAD.

On motion of Hon. Mr. DeBoucherville the Legislative Council—that irresponsible Upper Chamber, the Quebec House of Lords—killed the Bill, which Ald. Kennedy had brought in and carried through the Lower House, concerning the appointment of Catholic School Commissioners for Montreal. This is very natural; that same Council was the originator of the present ridiculous and illegally concocted law, and it would be unfair to expect that the paternal chamber should slay its own offspring—no matter how deformed or ungainly it might appear.

Henceforth be it understood that—as long as the irresponsible chamber exists—the only persons eligible to occupy places on the Board shall be, “in as far as possible,” University men. Commercially trained and experienced as well as highly educated men, the choice of the people who pay the taxes, are, according to the self-nullifying enactment, excluded from the right, “in as far as possible,” of course, of having a say in the handling of the funds that they are obliged by another law to pay for the education of their children. No wonder that delegation after delegation proceeds to Quebec to protest against the numerous enactments that this session is originating.

Well, if the object of certain members of the old Board is to prevail, and the Legislative Council is going to keep that blot on the statute book, and, as a consequence, some of the best interests of our people are to be illegally, by law, ignored, simply because some of the non-university but experienced financing and commercial men are to be excluded—“in as far as possible”—we will find another way of ventilating some of the grievances that exist and of making public a few of the very things that this enactment—with its “as much as possible” clause—would tend to cover up.

To that system, which has been most unfair in the past, and is still unjust to a vast section of our tax paying citizens, we say, with the ghost of Pompey, “We are thy evil genius, we’ll meet again at Philippi.”

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

GENERAL MEETING—RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

On Friday evening the Catholic Truth Society held its general monthly meeting. Owing to the approach of the festive season and the many preoccupations of the different citizens at this special time, the attendance, particularly of ladies, was small. It is to be hoped that in future, as the public meetings take place on the third Friday of each month, the ladies—especially those interested in the reading circles, will attend in large numbers. The readings, lectures and literary treats given must contribute greatly to the spread of Catholic literature and the propagation of Catholic Truth.

During the meeting a resolution of condolence, on the occasion of the death of the late lamented Premier, was moved and unanimously adopted. The resolution was as follows:—“Moved by Mr. Wurtele and seconded by Mr. Lafferty, and resolved,—that the members of the Catholic Truth Society of Montreal, having heard with deep regret of the sudden and lamentable death, at Windsor Castle, of the Right Honorable Sir John S. D. Thompson, P.C., K.C.M.G., Premier of Canada, in the hour when the highest honors ever conferred on a colonial statesman were showered upon him, desire to convey the expression of their profound sympathy to the wife and family of the deceased statesman, in their terrible affliction; and to express their sense of the severe loss the whole country in general has sustained, and the Catholic Truth Society in particular—the Ottawa branch of which had the privilege of having the lamented Premier as honorary President—in the death of so good and great a man.

Resolved—That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Lady Thompson, as

a mark of sympathy, and to the press for publication.”

Mr. Wurtele, in moving the resolution, delivered a very touching and appropriate address upon the mournful subject. The resolution was carried amidst silent consent, a token of the grief felt individually by each member present.

After the regular readings the meeting adjourned until the third Friday in January, when a large attendance is expected to enjoy the literary feast prepared.

REV. FATHER O'DONNELL

The Kindly and Popular Pastor of St. Mary's Honored—The Twelfth Anniversary of His Priesthood.

Sunday was a gala day in St. Mary's parish. The occasion was of two-fold rejoicing; the celebration of the twelfth anniversary of Rev. Father P. F. O'Donnell's ordination, and singing of his first High Mass by the first priest ever ordained in the parish, Rev. Father Heffernan. Well indeed does Father O'Donnell deserve the spontaneous and splendid tribute paid to his zeal, his devotedness, his piety, his love of the poor, his goodness to the children, his watchfulness over the interests of his large and important congregation and his increasing, untiring efforts to happiness, spiritual and temporal, on all sides, while bringing down the blessings of God upon the large flock that has been placed under his guidance.

Before giving the account of this memorable event, THE TRUE WITNESS, as a Catholic organ, in its own name, and in the name of all whom it represents wishes to tender Father O'Donnell the expression of sincere congratulation, and of the hope that his New Year may be bright and happy, while praying to God that he may be granted many a long year to come, in health and prosperity, to carry on his good works and to enjoy the love, respect and admiration of all who know him.

Rev. Father O'Donnell was ordained by Monsignor Fabre twelve years ago in the Montreal Seminary and celebrated his first Mass in St. Antoine Abbey, Huntingdon County, where his parents reside. Since entering holy orders he has been connected as curate with all the English-speaking Catholic parishes of the city. Nine years ago he was appointed resident curate of St. Mary's, succeeding Rev. Father Kiernan, now of St. Mary's, St. John, N.B. Two years ago he was appointed pastor, succeeding the Rev. Dr. Salmon. Since his appointment he has devoted himself with unwavering fidelity to the interests of his congregation.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the congregation assembled in the hall of the church, when Mr. James Morley, on their behalf, presented Rev. Father O'Donnell with a Persian lamb cap, overcoat, guntlet and other accessories, valued at \$500. Accompanying the presentation the following address was read:—

Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, P.P., Our Lady of Good Counsel,—Since that blessed day on which you came into our midst you have ever manifested yourself to be the true and faithful father and devoted pastor, loving only for those entrusted by Divine Providence to your spiritual care. Our sorrows and our joys have ever found a true echo in your heart, which beats responsive to the emotions by which we were moved. Therefore it is but natural that we should be but one in spirit with you and take a lively interest in all things that concern your dearest interests, spiritual and temporal. Your sorrows and your joys should be ours, your joys particularly in the happy assembly, the 12th of your elevation to the dignity of God's holy priesthood. Your heart to-day is full of the remembrance of the glorious events which have transpired during the last twelve eventful years. This anniversary is to you like a turn in a long straight road, where a traveller is wont to take a retrospective view of the ground already traversed, and your mind becomes, as it were, a mirror, wherein is reflected the good you have accomplished in the work of the Heavenly Father. Your precious thoughts on this solemn occasion must undoubtedly be of a more than ordinarily impressive nature at the great pleasure you experience in seeing for the first time a devoted son

of your own parish ascending the steps of that holy altar with which you are so familiar to celebrate the first holy sacrifice that he offers to the Holy Creator of the universe. Quite naturally, therefore, our most profound thoughts are in unison with yours to-day. We can readily imagine your first celebration of the most august sacrifice. Yes, beloved pastor, we see you at the altar as a beautiful flower, long and carefully protected, opening its bright petals, and filling the house of God with a sweet and sanctifying odor. Such you were and such you continue, but the flower has expanded and is fully developed in all the magnificence of true virtue and devotion. It is then fitting that we should tender you on this momentous occasion some slight tangible mark of our esteem and appreciation, which we hope you will accept in the true spirit of affection with which it is presented.

In conclusion we simply say: “Ad Multos Annos.”
YOUR DEVOTED CONGREGATION.
Rev. Father O'Donnell replied in feeling terms. After mutual congratulations had been exchanged the children of the parish were regaled with a bag of candy each, specially imported from New York for the occasion.

ROMAN NOTES.

A special representative of the Pope (probably Mgr. Ajuti, Papal Nuncio at Munich) will be sent to the coronation of Nicholas II. as Czar of Russia.

At the reception of Monsignor Hanlon, the Pope presented him with a beautiful pastoral cross and vividly encouraged him to spread the progress and benefits of the faith in his new African vicariate.

The report is confirmed that the Nuncios at Paris and Lisbon, as well as Mgr. Nocella, Secretary of the Consistorial Congregation, will be raised to the purple at the next Consistory.

Cardinals Rampolla, Ledochowski, Vincent Vanutelli, and Galimberti have attended, at the Vatican to treat of affairs relative to the Eastern Churches in presence of the Holy Father. Mgr. Vecchia was also in attendance and officiated as secretary.

King Humbert has received M. Emile Zola, who admits that his family are Venetian. His literary morals, we fancy, might be ticketed “fragile.” M. Brunetiere, director of the Revue des Deux Mondes, has been received at the Vatican and afterwards presented himself at the Quirinal.

The Holy Father has received in private audience Mgr. Luzon, Bishop of Belle; Mgr. Maucchi, Bishop of Lyra in Greece; Mgr. Guillard, Archbishop of Lucca; Mgr. Dabourg, Bishop of Moulins; Mgr. Hortsmann, Bishop of Cleveland; Mgr. Priori, Bishop of Assisium; and Mgr. Mora, Bishop of Tebuantepec in Mexico.

The Banco Santo Spirito has been ordered into liquidation in consequence of a recent decree of the Italian Government. This establishment was started by the charity and solicitude of the Popes to offer to private individuals and traders a place for the safe deposit and the employment of their capital without the risks of the fluctuations and failures of private banking firms. It was, in a sense, a sort of an asylum and coffer for the safe keeping of property, and it was the more beneficial that its profits were designed for the assistance of the sick in the hospital known as the *Santo Spirito*.

The Holy Father has named by Brief, as the usage is between the intervals of the Consistories, Bishops to the vacant sees for which it is urgent to provide, attending formal publication. In this manner Father Holz, Provincial of the Bavarian Capuchins, has been elevated to the bishopric of Augsburg, and Mgr. Genuardi, Bishop of Acireale, to the archbishopric of Catania, vacant by the death of Cardinal Dusmet.

The first Pontifical document which is to appear will be that promulgating the decisions of the recent conferences on the Eastern Churches. The two Encyclicals to the Bishops of Northern and Southern America will be brought out later. In the meantime the Pope has sent to the hierarchy of the United States a strong letter recommending a better organization of Peter's-pence under the direction of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli, in view of existing needs.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

A meeting of St. Mary's Young Men took place in their hall, Craig street, on Thursday evening. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for a concert that is to be held on Saturday Tuesday. Mr. H. J. Codd, president of the society, proposed a vote of condolence with Lady Thompson, which was unanimously accorded. After a few words on the personal virtues of the dead premier, the members were requested to offer their monthly communion for the repose of his soul. Among other business, it was decided that a sum of money be immediately expended in procuring games and other amusements.

OUR NEW ADVERTISERS.

THE WILLIAMS CO'Y.

There is one instrument that is indispensable in a household, and that is a sewing machine. Had these useful and necessary articles existed three-quarters of a century ago, the world might have been deprived of Tom Hood's “Song of the Shirt,” but it would most certainly have seen less of the toil and misery that the poet describes. If any of our readers are without a good, first-class sewing machine, we would heartily advise them to go visit the “New Williams” sewing machine establishment, 246 St. Lawrence street. We are perfectly prepared to recommend anything that is purchased from this splendid establishment, and we trust that our friends will not forget the “New Williams” when there is question of a sewing machine for the household.

MR. J. M. PROCKTER.

If you are going up St. Lawrence Main street, and find that you have a few moments to give, look in at No. 39, J. M. Prockter's. In the windows you will find attractions enough to amuse you for a time, but in case you should block the street, it would better to go in and examine the magnificent assortment of jewellery, watches, rings, silver and gold ware. It is a season for such like presents, and no place could you secure them better, and at more reasonable rates, than Mr. Prockter's fine store. Remember the number—39 St. Lawrence street.

MR. JAMES M. AIRD.

Both on Notre Dame Street and on St. Lawrence, above Sherbrooke, may be found Mr. James M. Aird's fine bakery establishments. At this season of the year, there is no line of business more important than that of the “staff of life.” Mr. Aird's establishment has even more than a local fame; the assortment of cakes, buns, twists, home made, scones, and, in a word, every style and class of pastry and bread that can be imagined, may be found there fresh, ready, and what is more important, good in every sense of the word. We advise strongly our readers, who require Christmas and New Year bread, cakes, and confectioneries, to not fail in calling on either establishments belonging to Mr. J. M. Aird.

A merry Christmas to all our advertisers, and lots of business—is our sincere wish.

Student: Professor, which is the logical way of reaching a conclusion? Professor. Take a train of thought, my boy.

WANTED MEN AND WOMEN

TO SELL THE LIFE AND WORK OF Rt. Hon. SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

This splendid book entitled “Life and Work of Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson, P.C., K.C.M.G., Q.C., Prime Minister of Canada,” by I. Castell Hopkins, with copious illustrations, is now on press. It gives an account of Sir John's early life and struggles. His rapid rise to fame and position. His great work for Canada. His brilliant abilities and achievements. His noble services to the Empire and loyalty to the Crown. His conscientious devotion to duty and high religious character. His distinguished place as a Parliamentary debater, orator, and statesman. His leading speeches upon public questions. His last days and dramatic death. Thousands in Canada are waiting for this truly great book. We want agents to introduce it everywhere. A live man or woman can coin money with it for the next three months for Canada is stirred as never before. Will send handsome full bound Prospectus for the nominal sum of 85 cents. Retail full cloth \$1.75. Leather, full gilt edges, \$2.50. Any intelligent person can sell this book. Send for outfit to-day with your choice of territory.

BRADLEY, GARNETTSON & Co., Brantford, Ont.

A PRIEST THE LECTURER.

Rev. Alexander Doyle Addresses Protestant Theological Students.

For the first time in the history of the Union Theological Seminary and probably for the first time in the history of any Protestant divinity school in this country, the lecture platform was occupied by a priest. It has been the custom during the past few years for the members of the Homiletical Society, an association of students of the senior class of the seminary, to invite clergymen of various denominations to address them at certain periods on subjects appertaining to the work of the ministry, to which the most prominent pulpiter orators and thinkers of all shades of Protestant belief have responded. It was left, however, for this season's course of lectures to include one from a representative of the Catholic Church, the Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers. The subject was "Methods of Preaching."

When it had been determined to ask Father Doyle to address the students, the Rev. Dr. Briggs, professor of Biblical theology, was requested to extend the invitation to the Paulist, and did so. With the hearty assent of Archbishop Corrigan, the Rev. Father Doyle accepted.

A TRIBUTE TO POPE LEO.

Professor Briggs presided and introduced the lecturer in these words: "I take pleasure in introducing to you the Rev. Father Doyle. He represents the great preaching order of the Paulist Fathers. I knew the Rev. Father Hecker, the founder of the order, slightly. I have watched its progress with much interest. In my own mind it has done more to elevate the character of preaching in the Roman Catholic Church than any other. I am glad to welcome Father Doyle here as the representative of the great mother Church of Christendom, whose head recently issued a touching appeal for the reunion of the Church. It breathed a spirit like that of the Master Himself."

Father Doyle said: "When the invitation came to me to address the Homiletical Society of the Union Theological Seminary, through my highly esteemed friend, Dr. Briggs, I felt it would not only be an error of judgment on my part to refuse it, but I would be guilty of neglect in my devotion to one of the great principles of my life, for it would be casting aside one of those rare opportunities of healing the breach of religious dissension and securing Christian unity. I have always made it a settled purpose to sit on the same platform with my brethren of other denominations whenever it was possible without sacrificing any principle of dogmatic faith. I felt constrained, therefore, to accept the invitation so generously accorded me, because I knew that the coming of a Catholic priest among you would be one more span added to that magnificent bridge that is being built in this age across the dark and muddy stream of religious intolerance.

CAUSE OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

"It goes without saying that all our religious misunderstandings and most of our religious antipathies arise from the fact that we do not know each other well enough. Ignorance of each other's opinions and want of appreciation of each other's motives have often led us to impute false ideas and extravagant notions to each other, while a better knowledge and broader charity would have united us in a common brotherhood. There is much that is in common between us like the solid mother earth that unites these two cities on either side of the East river, but there has been a stream running between us as swift, as dark, and at times as dangerous as the river itself. It has had its shoals and hidden rocks of error, and it has been poisoned by the sewerage of religious prejudice, and it has been running strong and swift with its currents of misconception, but the day of building a great bridge came and on the day that the bridge opened its wide avenues for the people to pass and repass, on that day we conceived the Greater New York that was born of the vote of the people in the late election.

"These are days of bridge-building over the streams of religious prejudice, and as I used to boast that I passed over the Brooklyn bridge before there was any there, when only one cable was laid and a little footpath over it, so I rejoice to-night that mine is the pleasure to be

the first to pass over the bridge of religious toleration and join hands with you in Christian unity."

A MISSIONARY'S TRAINING.

In taking up the subject of his discourse, the "Methods of Preaching," the speaker told of the missions, known outside the Catholic Church as revivals, and how they are conducted so as to obtain the best results. He spoke of the hard work entailed on the priests while giving the missions and of the careful and long preparations required for the work.

"With us," he said, "to train a student for the life of a missionary a rigid discipline of six years is necessary. It means daily rising at 5 o'clock, with two half hours of meditation in silent prayer every day to make the truth of religion more vivid; constant examination of conscience, that the mirror of the soul may be kept bright; a yearly retreat of eight days in solitude without any conversation to any one, and three years of study of philosophy, dogmatic theology, etc., to cultivate our practical judgment of sin and its remedies. With this training the missionary is well prepared to go out on the road.

"A painstaking scrutiny of the Catholic methods," he continued, "would lead one to think that the Church relegated preaching to a secondary place. I admit that there were times when there was a great deal of display and very little preaching. But such methods have always, in the long run, resulted in a decay of the faith.

"A priest is taught, since he is not so much an apostle to the gentile as to the Gentile, to love the people as the surest and most direct way to their hearts. It is a fatal error to confine our ministry to the higher classes of society and to think that the simple people ought to be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from the table provided for the educated classes.

GO DOWN AMONG THEM.

"And furthermore," said the priest in conclusion, "would you acquire an unlimited sway over the people, would you be their idol, their uncrowned king? Then lay aside your love of riches and the luxuries of life and go down and live among them; be poor, as they are poor; give your money to charities; take the coat from your back and give it to the tramp that asks for shelter; divide your last cent with your hungry neighbor. Do this and then speak and act and you will be beloved, blessed and worshiped."

After the lecture the speaker was congratulated by the members of the faculty and students.—*Correspondent in Philadelphia Catholic Times.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—I read with much interest, in your issue of Dec. 5th, the extracts which you published from a letter in the Herald, relating to our schools.

The time for making a move to improve the conditions of our elementary schools has, in my opinion, been long delayed. Any one having any knowledge of the conditions of our elementary schools cannot come to any other conclusion than that there is something radically wrong, whether in the system or in the carrying out of its details. A fair and honest criticism of the system and its conditions ought to be welcomed by everyone having an interest in the welfare of this Province.

I should conclude, from the observations made in the Superintendent's report, that the most capable are deterred from becoming teachers on account of the small salaries paid. That that is true, there can be no doubt. Now, if the cause is known, why not try and remove it?

It is well known that a very large number of those having diplomas to teach are quite incapable of teaching many of the subjects which are authorized to be taught in our common schools. I can say, without the least hesitation or doubt as to its truth, that some of the examinations for teachers' diplomas are mere farces. Result—a lot of incapables having diplomas to teach, and School Boards deluged with applications for positions offering to teach for mere pittance which no one having any ambition or qualification for such important work would accept.

As to the remedy. Begin at the bottom. Let all teachers be made to undergo a re-examination under Examining Boards whose members are qualified

for such important work. Let the examinations be of such a nature that none but the most capable will be allowed to pass. Should that be done, I will venture to say that the complaint of low salaries will soon be out of the question.

Let us have men for school inspectors, who are thoroughly qualified and abreast of the times. Why should men, whose mother tongue is French, who speak the English language very imperfectly as regards accent and pronunciation, and whose only object seems to be, from all known results obtained, to fill out their reports, be sent around to inspect English speaking schools?

It would strike any practical mind that a system of bonusing deserving teachers would be a slow way of arriving at beneficial results. It would still leave us at the mercy of the many teachers now having diplomas, and who are certainly not capable of teaching many of the subjects which their diplomas authorize them to teach.

You, Mr. Editor, who possess the medium in your now powerful journal, and being so well qualified for the task, should undertake to deal with this very important question. By so doing you would, no doubt, awaken the best minds in the governing community to its importance, and thereby confer a lasting benefit on the people of this Province.

M. McCLOSKEY.

Chelsea, Que., Dec. 10th, 1894.

LORD EDWARD AND MAJOR SIRR.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—I am, indeed, pleased to find that my statement regarding the resting place of the remains of the brave and patriotic Lord Edward has been confirmed in the extract which you published in THE TRUE WITNESS of 5th instant, from a letter written by his great grand-nephew, Lord Walter Fitzgerald, to the Irish Times. Permit me to state, further, that Lord Edward was not buried, in the strict acceptance of the term. His coffin was laid on the earthen floor of the vault under St. Werburgh's Church, where I saw it, in 1870, and copied, into my note-book, the inscription on the brass plate—published in THE TRUE WITNESS from Dr. Madden's work—which his daughter, Lady Gay Campbell, caused to be placed on the oak coffin, enclosing the leaden one, containing the ashes of the noble and valiant descendant of the chivalrous and lion-hearted "Silken Thomas."

There is somewhat of a coincidence in the fate of these two illustrious Geraldines. "Silken Thomas," as you know, was betrayed by his foster-brother Paroz, and his stronghold, the Castle of Mynyoth, which had successfully withstood a protracted siege, delivered over to the besiegers. The traitor was paid the stipulated price of his treachery, but the high-minded English general consigned him to the gallows for his treason to his lord and benefactor.

Lord Edward, in resisting arrest in the house of Murphy, the feather monger, in Thomas street, where he had been in concealment for a day or two, was wounded in the neck by a pistol shot, discharged by the notorious and stony-hearted Major Sirr. He had fought with undaunted courage and had disabled two or three of the arresting party when Sirr brought his cowardly weapon into play. It is traditionally recorded that, when shot, Lord Edward, in scathing tones, said to the gallant Major,—"Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose look would wither them when free." He died, in Newgate, on 4th June, 1798, of the wound inflicted by the "Castle bloodhound."

The grave of Major Sirr is in the church-yard of St. Werburgh's, above the vault where the remains of his victim repose. It was pointed out to me by the aged sexton of the church. I remarked that it had sunk considerably, especially in the centre, and I asked what was the cause. The old man told me that some time after the "rising" in '98 and the short-lived insurrection headed by Robert Emmett, in 1801, Sirr reported officially to the Government authorities that he "had the Dublin rebels as tame as gelt cats." On the day of his funeral, continued my informant, a large crowd of men gathered in the Castle yard—the wall of which overlooks the church-yard, and near to which was Sirr's newly-made grave—and as soon as the coffin was lowered a shower of dead cats, flung by the mob, followed it. The earth was hastily shovelled over the cats

and the carcass of Lord Edward's slayer. The decaying of the cats and the carcass, remarked the old sexton—a good loyal Protestant—caused the hollow appearance of the Major's grave. In this way the humble, but faithful, admirers of Lord Edward manifested their contempt and disgust for the coward who needlessly shot to death a man already in the hands of his captors—for his escape was morally impossible—and took their revenge for the insult offered to themselves and their fellow-citizens, who sympathized with Lord Edward, by comparing them to "gelt cats." Such was the story of the old sexton of St. Werburgh. *Si non e vero e ben trovato.*

J. G. MOYLAN.

Ottawa, Dec. 13, 1894.

"GO TO JOSEPH."

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR,—In the editorial column of your paper some time ago, you said a person asked you what he should do to be saved.

You say the best advice you can give him is to go to Joseph. It seems to me you could have directed him to a truer source of finding out what he should do in order to gain his salvation, as Joseph has not given any commandments or precepts in reference to the question, at least I for one have yet to find out where and when he done so. No doubt St. Joseph has left us a good example of a life well spent; but why did you not advise the person to go to a bishop or priest of the Catholic Church, and they would direct him in a true way of attaining his salvation?

Should the person not wish to go to a bishop or priest of the Roman Catholic Church, why did you not advise him to go to Our Lord Jesus, the true Light that enlightens every one that comes into the world? You know, or you ought to know, without Christ we can do nothing.

Why did you not advise the person to go and read and study the Gospel and example of Our Lord and Saviour, which is the guide and rule for all to follow. It is to be found in the New Testament, which is open to all. If you are desirous of having a person enter the True Fold of which Christ is the Shepherd, why did you not direct him to the right door, and not have sent him around another way, which you have done, at least which seems to me you have done.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

[Our correspondent is evidently a Roman Catholic, by name and signature, but he has probably not grasped the meaning of the editorial paragraph to which he refers. It was not conversion from non-Catholicity to Catholicity that our enquiring friend sought, it was exactly what we quoted for him. Any Catholic who understands it not cannot know much of our religion.—Ed. T. W.]

FATHER HEFFERNAN'S FIRST MASS.

At St. Mary's Church, on Sunday, Grand Mass was sung by Rev. Father T. Heffernan, who was ordained on Saturday by Monsignor Fabre in St. James Cathedral. It was his first Mass, and as is the rule in such cases the youthful priest was accompanied on the altar by a deacon of honor in the person of Rev. Father McGarry, with Rev. Father Gallagher, of Halifax, as deacon, and Rev. Father Shea, sub-deacon. Rev. Father Heffernan is the son of Mr. Thos. Heffernan, superintendent of the city quarries, and one of the church wardens of St. Mary's.

Rev. Father O'Donnell delivered the sermon of the day, taking for his subject the duties of a priest. The reverend speaker traced the duties of a priest in his intercourse with the congregation. He was with them from the cradle to the grave, baptizing them on their birth and anointing them for death when the soul ushered forth to meet its Creator.

In the evening Father Heffernan blessed all the parishioners individually.

Ex-Corporal Fantozzi, who distinguished himself by his piety and Catholic propagandism in his regiment at Verona, has arrived at Rome. As a soldier he was a model of discipline and activity, and has left behind him a club of his comrades, who joined to the perfect satisfaction of their superiors. The ex-corporal is now a priest, and had the consolation to administer his first Communion to an officer. His object in going to Rome has been to complete advanced ecclesiastical studies.

OLD QUEBEC.

Champlain Street—its Past, Present and Future.

BY J. C. HOWE, M.D.

The great old-time stronghold of the Irish, Champlain street, Quebec, is a long, narrow street winding around Cape Diamond, and the adjoining hills, like a carved snake around the handle of a bog oak stick. Its head is hidden in the Cul-de-Sac—a tavern rendered famous by Lord Nelson's escapades when a midshipman, and its body equirms for miles and miles along the water's edge—every one of them Irish miles at that—till it sheds into space at Christian Rock, a spot better known as the key of the ice—and imbued with a bitter hatred to navigation any further up the river than Old Quebec. For there the ice remains land-locked after every winter season; and refuses point blank to move in springtime except under major force from the citadel.

A stranger should not attempt to swallow Champlain street at a sitting, like Dr. Johnson swallowed the Vicar of Wakefield, or Carlyle swallowed the Book of Job. For Champlain street was not built in a day. And a small mouthful at a time will suffice. For, like old wines, age seems to have given it more body.

Anyone attempting to walk the whole street must have plenty of footwear, and be prepared for surprises. Everything along here is surprising. After passing the Champlain Market Hall, Queen's Store, and the Marine and Fisheries Department, and on seeing a small hill rising plumb into the air, you fancy the end of the street is reached. But no—a bystander tells you this is

THE LAND SLIDE.

And if he has lived any length of time in the neighborhood, the sad story of that awful September night, in 1889, is soon told, in all its heartrending horrors. The bitter, blinding rainstorm of that cruel night chills you to the bone. You hear the moans of the dying. You see the mangled remains of the dead. How sad to think of fifty human beings crushed to death—and many more crippled for life. And with what reason will this bystander add: "Don't you think government ought to recompense the survivors for losses incurred by government rocks, falling from government property. "You may try to console him with the promise made by Hon. Mr. Patterson to that effect. But justice is so long coming, it begins to seem to him like a case of live horse and you'll get grass. And you turn with the thought that if something is not soon done—in view of the favorable decision of two judges of the Supreme Court—another striking proof will be seen of the wisdom of Robert Burns, when he penned the immortal lines:

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

MONTGOMERY FELL.

But now the end of the street draws near. Alas! no, as time will soon show. A wooden tablet on the side of the cliff arrests your gaze. It bears the inscription: Montgomery fell, Dec. 31st, 1775. Stop, for you tread on sacred ground—wet with the sanctifying blood of one of history's greatest heroes. For here fell one of the best, and the bravest of the brave, Richard Montgomery, whose remains lie buried between those of two of his countrymen, Dr. McNevin and Thomas Addis Emmet, in the little Church around the corner, foot of Broadway, New York.

FEVER SHEDS.

On the left hand side are the old Fever sheds, now used as Ice Houses, where thousands of the kind and warm-hearted sons and daughters of Erin—flying from pestilence and famine in Ireland, in cholera and typhus fever times—found a stopping place on their way to the grave. Could those old walls speak of the death-bed scenes, and

"Tell the secrets of the prison house;
They could a tale unfold, whose lightest word,
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from thy spheres.
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quill upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood."

THE SWAMP AND ROCK VALLEY.

But further on you trudge to find, by a ship painted on the Diamond's brilliant Cape, you have walked into the Swamp. A few hundred feet more and "Rock

Valley," supported on two lacrosse sticks—and surrounded by a wreath of shamrocks—shows you are in the home of the Sarsfield Lacrosse Club. You may go on still past, the Chapel of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, the Nun's School house, Mariner's Chapel, the Skandinavish Kirk—and the long steps which appear to pierce the very clouds—even past Flanagan's and the Little Hamlet of Cap Blanc and the pretty Chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, and away up ever so far if you want to wear the soles out of your shoes. But better give up the chase than, continue on a bootless errand, like St. Brendan in search of Hv Brazil.

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

The Chapel of Our Lady of Perpetual Help—formerly the Christian Brothers' School—stands less than a stone's throw from the St. Lawrence. Its walls are built of limestone. Its interior is as white as snow. The doors of this modest chapel are always open. And at all times of the day devout worshippers here find—far from the trouble and turmoil of the world, in prayer and meditation,—comfort and consolation and a closer companionship with God.

On Sundays, holydays and certain days of the week, its pastor, Rev. Father McCarthy, C.S.S.R., administers to the spiritual and temporal needs of his flock. To Father McCarthy the congregation of Our Lady of Perpetual Help owe a great deal, such as the enlargement of their chapel, the opening of the Night Schools—twice closed through reasons of economy—and a constant and intense interest in every movement tending to their social and intellectual advancement as well as to their spiritual welfare. The utmost friendliness has ever existed between the people of this district and their pastor—the most thorough friendship between all classes and all creeds. The Irish Catholics must have at one time numbered 100 to 1, and are still immensely in the majority—yet, God help any one attempting to say an unkind word of the minority, or interfere with their religious practices.

DIAMOND HARBOR.

The site, on which the little church is built, is called Diamond Harbor, a suggestive and poetical name, borrowed from the surmounting cape. At most, Diamond Harbor is only a part of this long narrow street, and yet its reputation is world-wide. A mystery this seems and a marvel. The mysterious and marvellous must vanish when the following facts shall be remembered.

THE FINEST OF TRADE.

Up to within a few years ago Diamond Harbor was a rushing, rollicking, roaring hive of industry. From four to seven sailing ships, many of them record-breakers, were constantly moored alongside its booms and wharves in summer; and the same might be said of the wharves and booms along the river front for a distance of six or seven miles. A strong easterly breeze brought into port as many as 300 vessels on one day in spring. These white-winged messengers of peace carried general cargoes, and took timber in return. So that in the course of time in Great Britain, from John O'Groats' House to Land's End, in every other country of Europe, "in India's coral strands," (this was before De Lesseps built the canal and when Good Hope had to be weathered) in Bombay and Madras, up the Hoog lily, in Calcutta, the Straits settlements and around by Hong Kong and Shanghai and all through the colonies, Diamond Harbor became as well known as Liverpool is in London.

ITS VISITORS.

For the descendants of the Vikings, the polished Mounseer, the hot-headed Diego, the discovering Don, the dark skinned sons of Italy, the turbaned Turk, the Sheenry, the pig-tailed Celestial and the almon eyed Jap, European, Eurasian, Indian, Mongol and African, at one time or another have been here and have gone their several ways.

FIGURE HEADS.

No prettier picture could be seen than this thick forest of tall, smooth masts, shining like silver 'neath the sun's radiant rays, and those immense copper bottomed wooden ships, from which this forest grew, painted in every color of the rainbow, green, white, black and white or painted parts, red, drab, blue, and so on. It was a perfect pleasure to look at them—the bows of one adorned with a sea serpent, another with one of History's famous men or

women; kings, queens, heroes, chiefs and warriors, such as the Napoleon, the Rosa Bonheur, the Bruce, Red Jacket, Queen of Nations, Spartan, Lancashire Witch; one with a milk white horse as the Charger, and others with huge fishes, fabled monsters or musical instruments. These large wooden ships are giving way to steel ships and steam ships, a sort of survival of the fittest. And with them, alas, the old figure head is going out of fashion. And with the disappearance of the figure head the word itself has begun to decline; and is now seldom used as a figure of speech.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH

What a hub-bub of life and excitement greeted the arrival of these freighted fleets. What rapture! and what welcome! when they rounded the point; and sailed triumphantly up the harbor. Then the songs of the sailors would resound along the listening shores, and re-echo harmoniously o'er the repeating waters. As the capstan flew merrily round, and the hawser leaped through the hawse-pipe—in answer to the boatman's whistle—(lady readers will please pronounce this bo'sun's whistle), the voice of one of the jolly tars arose in a voluptuous swell to the solo part and the chorusing crew cheerily chimed in:

"I wish I was in Quebec City,
Away—ay—Roll and go."

Of course an inventivesinger could easily change this to every two syllabled city on the globe.

"When Santa Anna gained the day
Upon the plains of Mexico"

was another great favorite. They also sang "On the banks of the Rio Grande;" "Oh, you rolling river;" "Run, let the bulgian run;" "The Harp without a Crown;" and "Cheer-le-man." And peals of laughter could be heard on all sides when "We'll play Paddy Doyle for his hoots" was struck up.

Love being one of the few things that makes of life a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," no wonder Ocean's jolly sons, when anchor was about to be weighed and the heavy chain rolled murmuringly around the creaking cogged windlass, sang before leaving port:

"Good-bye, fare you well.
Good-bye, fare you well.
I'm going away, but not to stay.
Good-bye, my love; good-bye, fare you well."

Some of those promises may have been well meant, though never kept. For what of the ships that never return, or, to quote from Tom Moore, of

"The ships that do go down at sea
When heaven is all tranquillity."

Such is life. Here to-day. Away tomorrow. But all these scenes are gone to come again no more.

TIMBER STEVEDORES.

The dexterity and skill with which the men of Diamond Harbor and Champlain street handle large pieces of timber is astounding. There is no feat they cannot do on timber and with timber. They can almost make it talk like "Muldoon" and "The Walking Delegate" and the other talking horses of Rudyard Kipling's new story; and the timber is tamed into obedience and foreknows their every command. It will toss and tumble in the water, leap out of the water, jump up in the vessel's wings, and do the most fantastic tricks imaginable. A few years ago, when on a trip to the Southern States, I was startled by a gang of negroes, every one of them as black as the ace of spades, stop in front of a rather heavy piece of lumber and raise it with the shout of, "Let's give it a Quebec lift."

ROLLING OFF A LOG.

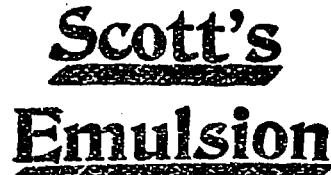
Rolling off a log—or as easy as rolling off a log, is a popular proverb elsewhere. History fails to mention one instance of a Quebec boy ever rolling off a log. Early last summer the papers were filled with the praises of a Champlain street timber swinger, James Knox, now of New York, who rode, standing on a small log of timber, in a gale of wind, from New York, through Hell's Gate and return.

UNFORTUNATELY,

since the decline of the shipping trade, Champlain street has lost ground, not in length, but in population. In 1865 a great fire swept Diamond Harbor to the ground. Many of the houses have been never rebuilt. I pity the man who had to take its census. He would have no small contract on hand, but in fact a job fit to drive an average man out of his senses; as to find its population we would have to visit every city on the continent.

Weak Women

and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.



is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anaemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

With the decrease of population everything has become much quieter than it really ought to be. But

WHAT FUN

and what enjoyment in the old days—say on Christmas Eve or New Year's Day or St. Patrick's Eve. On St. Patrick's Eve the whole street festooned with flags, with arches built here and there, the sidewalks lined with evergreens and palms—a picturesque but more peaceful coming of "Birnham Wood to Dunsinane" Bonfires blazing on every side, tar barrels dragged on sleighs and followed by men and boys playing flutes and fifes and drums, and singing very patriotic songs indeed.

THE HURLERS.

In those days it was easy to find in this part of Quebec at least 200 Irishmen none of whom stood under 6 feet 4 inches in height. To be less than six feet with a chest measurement under forty inches was reckoned positively disgraceful. The unfortunate beings who did could lay but a spurious claim to descent from poor McGee's race of Western Shepherd Seers. And in winter time when that noble looking band met in mimic warfare and battle array—to play the games of their native land—how gaily they sported on the surface of the ice! how happily they enjoyed themselves. Hurling was one of the great games. Married men vs. single, or Old Country men vs. their descendants, played it from one end of the day to the other. It was thought quite an art to know when to cut a hurley, how to dress and smoke it, and all the other different secrets required to give it the season and polish and finish necessary in an exciting test of this bold game. Golf and lawn tennis, and croquet and even hockey, would have then been relegated to the nursery. Football was played, and pallet and duck on the rock, hop Scotch, hide and seek and marbles, follow tug, and hammer, block and bible.

LIKE THE SCENT OF THE ROSES, 'tis vain to think of the past. Yet when old scenes in all their bye-gone freshness and verdure stalk through the treasure of thought, and old recollections again arise above the mental horizon, then the regretful music of the Jacobite Ballad, "Will ye no come back again," sends its sweetest cadences through the halls of memory. And like the Scottish Prince, Bonnie Prince Charlie, the past is gone, the past "will no come back again," the past is forever fled.

THE FUTURE.

But watchman what of the night? What of the future? Present prospects are dreary. But is there no silver lining to the dark cloud? * * * * To this question the least observant must answer yes. Champlain street will be reclaimed. Its real estate will rise in value. Its houses be crowded to the doors. Industries can do it; capital will do it; capital cannot thrive in idleness. Champlain street stands in the gaze of the whole world unexcelled as a manufacturing site and for its shipping facilities as well, and a site where invested capital would increase a hundred fold. And when factories cover its present vacant ground, and the hum of industry calls the sleeping street to a new and renewed life, it will become as it has been in the past, and as nature has ever intended it to be, the home of a happy and contented people.

A MYSTERIOUS SANTA CLAUS

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS, BY LAURENCE CLARKE.]

"What 'd you have?"
 "Oh, I'd have lots an' lots, I'd have that rock'n horse, an' that Christmas tree, an' a soldier's hat, an' all them soldiers," said Patsy, making a dig at the damp window pane with his finger at each word.

If Santa Claus was to come to me an' say you can have everything whate in the shop; all the carriages, an' horses, an' elephants, an' dolls, an' No's arks, an' wild beasts, an' e-very thing, I wouldn't take any thing; I'd just take that big doll an' go home an play all-day.

"Oh, I wouldn't," said Patsy, who was about three feet six inches in perpendicular height, that is six inches taller than the blue eyed Katie, his sister. It was probably this superiority of stature that caused that young lady to look upon him as a prodigy of worldly wisdom and physical strength.

"Ef Santa Claws was to come to me I'd say, gimme that No's Ark, and he pointed briskly to a gaudy Noah's ark, 'cause a No's Ark," he continued "a No's Ark's got everyfing, elephants an' tigers an' lines an' cow's and crock'diles an' everyfing. A No's ark's like a m'nagerie.

"What's a m'nagerie? asked Katie, quickly.

"Oh, a m'nagerie, a m'nagerie is, um—a place where they catch beasts an' put 'em in cages an' peoples come in an' look at 'em 'cause they's a'ful fierce."

"Would they eat you up?" said Katie.
 "Yes, I's think they would, clean up," answered Patsy, "all sept crock'diles; crock'diles eats yer all up sept yer boots, then they cry."

"What's they cry for?"
 "I dunno, that's what it says in the books."

During this instructive conversation a fashionably dressed gentleman with keen handsome aquiline features stood listening behind the children; there was about his dress the careless elegance that bespeaks the prosperous American, but his face was drawn and melancholy. "Let's go an' see the crib," said the boy, after all the eulogistic words their small tongues could compass had been applied to the dazzling attractions of the window.

"Can yer get in fer nuthin'?" queried Katie.
 "'Course you can, anybody can get in."

So they trotted cheerily hand in hand down the bleak wintry street. And despite their threadbare clothes; the boy's dirty face, and his tiny sister's dusty tangled locks, the gentleman looked wistfully after them as they ran. Then, as if suddenly awakened from a reverie he walked smartly in the same direction.

Patsy was kneeling primly with his hands placed palm to palm, the candles of the crib shone brightly on his face; his lips moved rapidly.

Nothing but Katie's small bonnet and her pretty grey eyes appeared above the hand-rail. She watched Patsy's every motion and her lips moved as rapidly as did his.

When he quickly made the sign of the cross, she did the same, and as he snatched up his cap, she thrust out to him her hand and trotted down the aisle by his side.

A gentleman who had been kneeling in the shadow rose and followed them from the church.

"You's lots better now ain't you, mother?" said Patsy?

"How, my child?"

"Why, 'cause we's been prayin' to the Infan' Jesus for you, an' we, Katie?"

"Yes," said Katie, "I was prayin' too."

"You are very like your father," she said sadly to the boy, taking his face fondly in her hands and kissing him.

One day she had received a letter in a strange hand from the gold fields of the far West; at sight of this unwelcome missive a great terror had seized her soul. She rent it wildly open.

"He was killed," it said, "by the premature explosion of a charge of blasting powder. I am his chum; he left no money."

Taking her children she had left the pretty Irish village and had struggled wear y for a living in the great city and none in the village ever heard from her.

Physical weakness had followed closely on the heels of poverty,—and together they had prepared the way for that vile spectre, skeleton despair, whose hard fleshless fingers were already clutching at her throat. Her cheeks, once so flushed and rounded, were now hollow and wan; her step, so gaily elastic then, was weak and tottering now. And it seemed that the fire of life's brightness was burned out in all her form except her eyes, where glistened, the last lingering embers, enhanced to double brightness by the paleness of her face.

In the chill room where she sat; on every inch of tattered matting, on every inch of worn out board, on every cracked and broken window pane, on the poor heap of coal reserved for a half day's warmth to celebrate the Christmas festivity, there was branded the air of hopeless poverty.

The night drew on, but still the woman sat and shivered in the chair. And at 12 o'clock the joyous Christmas bells boomed out in merry peal; then the woman shuddered and drew her garments closer round her, and still the bells rang on. She turned her eyes slowly, flooded with tears, on the infants in the bed. Then, throwing herself on her knees and raising aloft her arms, she prayed passionately to God. And the murmur of her voice rose up, and mingling with the clangour of the bells that filled the room, was wafted up heaven.

"Oh, God!" and still the bells rang on. "Oh, God!" give me back at least my strength, that I may work for them. Give me at least this, O, God! Thou who art so good to all the world this Christmastide."

The fire had been lighted and the children sat joyously gazing into it with ruddy-heated faces. They did not ask for food, but plied their careworn mother with questions: "When will Santa Claus come to bring our presents." But she tried to smile and had put them off with pretty stories of the fairies and magicians, who do wonderful things and make everybody round them happy. In the midst of the last story there was a thunderous rap, rap, at the door. The mother started and grew pale. To the very poor, every shade and difference of knock upon the door has a special meaning; this was an authoritative knock, such as none but a creditor would use.

She went timidly, with her children clinging at her skirts, and opened the door.

There was no one there.

Patsy gave a scream of joy and then rushed upon the larger of two parcels that rested on the door step.

On each parcel there was a plain card, neatly written. One bearing the words "For Patsy," and on the other "For Patsy's sister."

Nothing was heard but gurglings of happiness and expectation until there had been extricated from the parcels a large gaudy Noah's ark and a large flaxen haired, wide-eyed doll. The very toys the children had admired the previous day. Who could it be, murmured the mother, as she sat thinking, a little sorrowfully, too, for the money spent on these toys could have fed her family for many days.

"Let me see the cards again," she asked, and then as she scrutinized the writing she became very white; a flash of joy lit up her face, then suddenly died out.

"No, it cannot be," she said sorrowfully, "it would be too great a happiness."

Three hours later they sat at a meal that the charity of one of her old employers had provided. The mother was still pondering on the sender of the toys. "Perhaps I was too hasty," she said thoughtfully, "that letter was never confirmed. It may be that he li—"

There was a loud rap on the door?

She motioned her son to open it, she was too weak to do so, her face was drawn with mingled fear, excitement and expectancy.

The door was thrown open, and a tall gentleman attired with Western negligence stood on the threshold. When he saw the woman he clutched at the frame for support, his face was very white, then suddenly, with outstretched hands he rushed into the room.

"Kate!" he cried.

"Felix my hu —! she murmured and fell fainting in his arms.

Late in the afternoon little Kate slipped out to chat with Mamie Gallagher. "My Pa's come back," she said, "we ain't goin' to live here any more, Pa says we's

goin' back to Stornway to live he's a'ful rich pa is, he's got a gold watch an' shane, and a ring, an lots an lots of money; mor'n ten sovereigns.

The following is a recent clipping from the "Cork Examiner."

Mr. Felix Routh, who, three or four years ago, returned to Ireland after realizing a large competence in the gold fields of California, has been elected mayor of Stornway, his native place.

Mr. Routh and his handsome wife spend large portions of their wealth in deeds of charity, especially at Christmas time, when there is hardly a poor family in the town but feels the benefit of their generosity.

JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

EUGENE FIELD.

Father calls me William and sister calls me Will,
 Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill!
 Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy
 Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Faunteroy!
 Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimming in the lake—
 Hate to take the castor-ile they give f'r belly-ache!
 Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no files on me,
 But Jes' fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport—sick 'im on a cat;
 Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
 Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys go out to slide
 'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!
 But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worried and cross,
 He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his boss;
 An' then I laff and holler; "Oh, you never teched me!"
 But Jes' fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
 I'll be a missionere like her -oldes' brother Dan.
 As wuz et up by the cannib'ls that lives in Ceylon's isle,
 Where every prospect pleases an' only man is vile!
 But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West show,
 Or read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
 That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r me—
 Excep' Jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sullen like an' still—
 His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"
 The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become
 Uv them two enemies uv hern that use ter make things hum!
 But I am so perille and stick so earnestly to biz,
 That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
 But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicious me,
 When 'Jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas with its lots an' lots uv candles, cakes an' toys,
 Wuz made, they say, f'r proper kids, and not f'r naughty boys!
 So wash yer face and brush yer hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,
 An' don't burst out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out your shoes;
 Say yessum to the ladies, an' yessir to the men,
 An' when they's company don't pass yer plate f'r pie again;
 But thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see upon that tree,
 Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

LOOK OUT

for breakers ahead when pimples, boils, carbuncles and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Carbuncles, and kindred ailments, and with Scrofula in every shape, and all blood taints, if it fails to cure, you have your money back. And that makes it the cheapest blood-purifier sold.

"Why don't you take little Johnny to the circus? He's just crazy to see that balloon parachute-jumper," said Mrs. Suburb to her husband. "I can't afford it," he answered. "It won't cost over a couple of shillings to get him in." "No; but it will cost us about a couple of pounds for new umbrellas afterwards."



Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and Weakness. 6

WEST BROMPTON, QUEBEC, Oct. 1, '90.
 The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household who was almost useless to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c., &c. To-day there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger and less nervous. She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is very good. P. SARVIE, Catholic Priest.

FREEPORT, ILL., Oct. 26, 1890.

We used 12 bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness and found it to have the desired effect in every case.

DOMINICAN SISTERS.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direct supervision.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

49 S. Franklin Street.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bott'le. 6 for \$5.

Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

In Montreal by E. J. LEONARD, 113 St. Lawrence street.



BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDERS GET PRICES FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS:

Cor. Latour st. and Busby Lane.

TELEPHONE 180.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of the Municipal Council of the County of Two Mountains, held in St. Scholastique, on the 12th of December instant, were present: Mr. Antoine Seguin, the warden, and Messrs. Felix Paquin, Joseph Langlois, Firmin Drouin, Joseph Marcotte, Jean Baptiste Damour, Moise Labrosse, Damase Rochon, Dolfis Angrignon, Michel Lalonde, James Murphy and Ferdinand Leveille, the councillors.

After the reading of the proceedings of the last session, Mr. Joseph Langlois communicated to the council the news of the death of Mr. James Murray, which occurred since the last meeting. Mr. Murray had been mayor of the parish of St. Columban during 35 years. He had worthily performed the duties of this charge and always accomplished all his duties with impartiality and justice.

He then moved, seconded by Mr. James Murphy, and it was unanimously resolved:

That the Council of this County expresses its regret at the loss it has sustained in the death of Mr. Murray;

That this Council desires to communicate to his widow and the other members of his family its deep feelings of sympathy;

That a copy of the present resolutions be forwarded to his family and be published in La Presse and TRUE WITNESS.

St. Scholastique, this 15th D c., 1894.

A. FORTIER, Secretary-Treasurer.

THAT PALE FACE.

For Nervous Prostration and Anaemia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood, December 27th, in Notre Dame.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1894.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"A Merry Christmas to all our readers and friends and many happy returns of the season." Sometimes this greeting is heard with indifference, when it is merely for custom sake that it is spoken; more often is it the expression of the true sentiments of the heart, and it then always awakens a responsive echo in the bosom of one to whom it is addressed. Although we have not the pleasure and advantage of a personal acquaintance with each and all of our many readers, still we feel as though we were linked to every particular subscriber and friend of the TRUE WITNESS by a bond that grows stronger as the weeks roll past. Every Wednesday we send forth our twelve columns of editorials and through them we hold converse with several thousands upon every imaginable kind of subject. In penning these articles we actually spend twelve full hours and sometimes more, each week, in most intimate communion of spirit with our readers, and they, in perusing these columns, converse with us; thus mind speaks to mind, soul looks into soul, heart pulses to the throbs of the corresponding heart, and the writer and his readers are united in the closest of all unions—the union of thought.

For these reasons do we speak from the inmost recesses of our nature, when we wish each and every one of our readers a truly merry, a really happy, a sincerely prosperous and a most holy Christmas; and in expressing this wish we feel confident that it is reciprocated from all the thousands who, though in one sense, are strangers to us, in another and grander sense are well-wishers and friends. May the aged enjoy many another Christmas time to "husband out life's taper" in peace and holy contentment, for truly is it sung that

"Age will come on with its winter,
Though happiness hideth its snows;
And if youth has its duty of labor,
The birthright of age is repose."

May the young be happy and may the blessings of this holy time come to them in countless throngs, for along the road of their earthly pilgrimage they will need the choicest graces from above to battle with the spirits of evil that shall hover around them. May the number of your friends increase and may the Angel of Death spare those we have tonight, that when the next Christmas comes it may find us all as happy and as strong as we are this year. May the One whose lowly yet glorious birth we celebrate on the 25th of December, with His Holy Mother and His Foster Father, direct our mind, enlighten our understanding, and guide our pen, that the continuation of the bond of union be-

tween us and our readers may be for their benefit, spiritual and temporal, and, therefore, for the greater glory of His Holy Spouse the Church.

CHRISTMAS SONGS.

That Christmas is a joyous festival is apparent in the fact that it has always been ushered in by song and music. The birth of the Saviour is surely the most glorious event that the centuries have ever beheld, and its commemoration is naturally the grandest of festivals. On that chill December night, when, in the Judean hamlet, the Son of God appeared upon earth, His arrival was heralded by the songs of the Angelic choirs. Of that scene we speak in our Christmas greeting, so it would be superfluous to now dwell upon its harmonies and grandeur. But it is remarkable that, throughout the ages that have since elapsed, the grandest, most touching, most soul-stirring songs, or hymns, are those that have the birth of Christ for their theme.

In the world of poetry, as in that of sacred music, the brightest talents have been employed in the celebration of that mighty event. Of all the hymns that awaken our souls to adoration, perhaps none surpasses the "Adeste Fideles." The moment its powerful and inspiring notes awaken the echoes of the temple, it would seem as if a real Christmas atmosphere were stirred into existence. In this Province, more particularly, there are a number of other Christmas hymns so familiar that their very melody breathes the festival to which they belong. For example, "Il est né le Divine Enfant," "Les Anges sur nos Montagnes," and others with which all our Catholic people are acquainted. But, apart from the canticles and hymns, we cannot but perceive how the great poets of Christianity have loved to commemorate, in verse, the joyous occasion of that happy birth.

Milton, whose sublime genius scaled the heights of Epic poetry and astounded the world with the majesty of his "Paradise Lost," was as great, if not greater, in the beautiful Christmas hymn which he penned in most perfect verse. And from Milton to the humblest poet that has ever attempted to woo the Muses, all seem to have been charmed with the subject and to have touched the harp, in different keys, as they sang the advent of the King of Peace.

At this season of the year the old love to sit by the fireside and to gather the young around them, in order to recall, in legend, tale and poem, their own youth while delighting the children of the present. Scott opens his Christmas picture with such a scene:

"Fling on more wood, the wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Merry Christmas still."

If, during the present season of festivity, any of our readers would like to enjoy their Christmas evenings after the olden style, we would advise them to collect the children and to tell them stories of the years long gone. And of all the poems that we would most recommend, is that "Christmas Carol" of the Poet Priest, Father Abram J. Ryan. Therein is something so peculiarly touching that the simple and the sublime seem to blend, as the shades of a rainbow, into each other. It is a lesson and a sermon, couched in the sweetest of verse, and not above the reach of any fine intellect— young or old.

We remember well, thirty odd years ago, receiving from our godmother a little Christmas story; it was simple and touching; each Christmas night, for several years, it was a portion of the household's programme to read us that story. So lasting is the memory of it, so deep the

impression it made upon a childish mind, that even now we feel that Christmas should be celebrated in the same way, otherwise there is something wanting. Whoever wrote that little story never imagined that it could ever afford so much pure happiness to any child of humanity. The persons who write Christmas stories or poems—of the real, heart-touching type—are perhaps not aware that they are conferring untold benefits on humanity; but such is the case.

In this age of progress, when men suppose that they are building up for the future, in reality they are tearing down palaces of enjoyment in which the souls of a past generation revelled. Beside the electric battery, the steam engine, the tubular bridge, the wonderful inventions of the age, it seems to us that the simple Christmas songs that fall from the poets of the season. Let us resolve to keep alive those treasured melodies and transmit them as a glorious heritage to the future; for what would Christmas be without song, music and story.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

This is the Christmas story *par excellence*; it is old, but ever new; let us tell it again in our own simple way.

It was a chilly night in early winter; December was drawing to a close, but the spectre of the north had passed over the land and left a mantle of white to enwrap the shoulders and heads of the mountains. The pale moon hung low upon the western horizon, and millions of stars twinkled in the cold, blue depths of the orient sky; the wind from beyond the Jordan was bitter and biting; it came from the deserts and it gathered strength as it paused amidst the recesses of Judæan mountains. The sheep were huddled together on the hillsides; down in the valleys the shepherds crowded around the feeble balze of their fagot fires; the watch-dogs slumbered fitfully and half-awakened by the cold, they barked in their disturbed dreams. Over in the City of David—called Bethlehem—strange scenes were being enacted. Hundreds had come up from all ends of the land to respond to the call of the Roman governor; the houses of the town were all occupied; men from the confines of Egypt, men from far-off Galilee, men from the "Eye of the East,"—Damascus—men and women from all quarters, in all their variety of costume and accent, filled the streets of the crowded city. Outside the walls was a khan, or stopping place; therein a few of the later arrivals found refuge. And in a grotto, within that khan, where an ox and an ass were eking out a supper of straw, a couple from Nazareth had found shelter. Not one of the thousands sleeping in that city knew of their presence; no one cared whether these poor travellers were housed or not; no one was aware of the wonderful things that were then and there taking place. Oblivious of the fact that the prophesies of four thousand years were being accomplished, the crowd slept on, and not a breath of warning came to the sleepers to tell of the greatest event that had occurred since the day of Creative miracle.

The moon sank below the hills of the west; the milky way still cast its arch across the dome of the sky; the stars twinkled joyously in their silent realm. The hour was midnight; the moment predicted throughout the ages had arrived. The crystal portals of heaven were drawn back, and the advance guard of the celestial army, all glittering in the splendor of God's eternal livery, with harps of gold in their hands and crowns of glory on their heads, stepped out into unmeasured space. Down through the stillness of the night came the first soft

notes of an undying canticle and the sound fell like the peaceful voice of God's sweetest singer upon the slumbering ears of the shepherds. As if aroused by some mysterious presence from their sleep, the half-startled, half-astonished flock-tenders arose and gazed about them. High up in the zenith they beheld a curtain of quivering light, like the fringes of the Aurora Borealis, sweeping downward to the billtops; and faintly came the unison of harp and voice, both magical and mysterious in their effects. Nearer and nearer came the scintillating splendors, louder and louder came the songs of the advancing vision. The sheep shivered, with awe, and rushed together into a ravine, where they sought shelter from a danger they could not understand; the watch-dogs were mute with fear and they crouched behind the awakening shepherds.

All this time the throng slept on in the City of David; the wind blew its chill blast across the turbulent Jordan; and the world was wrapped in darkness, for it knew not the approaching redemption. At last the whole vault of heaven was filled with myriads of celestial beings; their wings of light flashed glories upon the scene, and the splendor of their sheen fell brightly upon the white turrets and gray battlements of ancient Bethlehem. Brighter grew the light; nearer came the angels; louder swelled the chorus. Down, down, descended the vast, the countless throng of God's pure spirits, until, over the khan, they collected in one impenetrable mass of indescribable glory. Loud rang the harps on the winter air, and louder and sweeter swelled the voices of the choir; the shepherds listened; the wind ceased to blow from beyond the Jordan; all nature seemed hushed in mute adoration; but from the walls of the city to the distant declivities over by Jerusalem, and even beyond the sacred city, the refrain was wafted. "Gloria, in excelsis Deo," sang the angels; "Gloria,..... Deo!" replied the echoes that slumber around the lake of Tiberias; "Et in terra, pax hominibus boni voluntatis," responded the angelic singers; "Pax,..... hominibus," answered voices from beyond the Valley of Giants.

The miracle of ages had been performed; the humble shepherds knelt at the Crib, and amidst the display of celestial rejoicing, they adored the Christ-child, the Saviour of man! Slowly the heavenly army retired; back up through the blue abyss the angels disappeared; the light faded from the firmament; the voices died away in the distance of the Infinite; the gates of God's glory closed upon His envoys; the message of peace had been proclaimed to men; the Infant remained with the Holy Mother, and the long and heavy path of thirty-three years of suffering was commenced. The shepherds went back to their fagot fires, the sheep returned to their pasture patches, the watch-dogs fell asleep by their masters, the stars shone brilliantly in the sky above, the milky way spanned the blue empyrean, and the December blast swept down from beyond the Jordan. The thousands slept on in the city of David, and the great world rolled upon its axis, just as if no miracle had ever taken place, just as if God had not visited the earth and the hour of man's redemption had not been fixed. Only the Holy Virgin Mother, St. Joseph—the Foster Father, and the shepherds, who were watchers by night, were present at the event and adored the Infant Jesus on His appearance as man. Not one of the vast throng knew that his own salvation was in the balance and that his Saviour was outside the city walls.

That scene has been described by inspired writers and by historians and

poets; it has been transferred from generation to generation upon the painter's canvass and in the sculptor's stone; it adorned the cold walls of the catacombs beneath Eternal Rome, and it appeared in fresco upon the walls of the immortal temples of the deathless city; Luca della Robbia has preserved in its terra cotta, and Correggio, in his masterpiece "The Holy Night," has glorified art and immortalized himself, by leaving in the Dresden gallery this imperishable commemoration of that wonderful scene.

Nineteen centuries have rolled into the great gulf of eternity; each year has the birth of that Divine Child been commemorated by the faithful shepherds of the Christian flock; and each year the great world has slept, and the mass of the human race has been oblivious of the mighty things that were transpiring. Once more has Christmas come to us; will 1894 go past and the miracle of Bethlehem be repeated only for the shepherds from the hill-side? No; not so; let us go the Crib; it is in yonder Church; there let us hearken to the celestial hymns that are chanted; there let us adore the new born Saviour of the world. While His representatives offer up the perpetual sacrifice of the altar, while the incense curls around the deep-pealing organ, while the lights flash brightly upon the sanctuary of devotion, the Christmas chant will again ring in our ears: "Gloria in excelsis Deo!" "Glory to God on High and peace, on earth, to men of good will."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

We have had, more than once, occasion to write severely of Prof. Goldwin Smith, and many a pointed criticism his uncalled-for and prejudiced attacks upon Irishmen, and upon Catholic-Irishmen in particular, has provoked. But, unlike that great master of English, we can see good when it exists, even in those with whose principles we could never agree. In the December number of the North American Review, Goldwin Smith has a somewhat strangely contradictory contribution upon the late James Anthony Froude. While falling into the same errors that he condemns in Froude, still Mr. Smith, whether by accident or otherwise, strikes a severe blow at the so-called historian. We suspect, however, that Goldwin Smith's predominating passion of fault-finding has led him by mistake into a single example of just criticism and of thorough appreciation.

Our readers are well acquainted with the history of Henry VIII. the murderous-adulterer, who sent wife after wife to the scaffold, in order to gratify his lust in another form. The day after the execution of one wife "he takes another on whom it is certain that he had previously fixed his eyes."

Upon this Froude's observation is: "The precipitancy with which he (Henry) acted is to me a proof that he looked on matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment, and if this is thought a novel interpretation of his motives, I am merely to say that I find it in the Statute Book."

Upon this brutal remark of Froude, the critical Goldwin launches out in a strain that is not customary with him. The comment reads like a streak of light between two clouds upon the Western sky, when the winter sun has just departed.

"A grosser outrage against affection," writes the Professor, "never was committed than the King's act, and surely a grosser insult to affection has seldom been offered than the comment." Thus continues this suddenly converted critic, and never did he write more truly: "In

the Statute-Book, especially in the preambles of Acts, Froude would find wonderful things. But he should have inquired how the Parliament which made the Statute-Book was composed. He would have found that it was packed and generally controlled by the Court, though it might show a spark of independence on the question of taxation, where it had strong popular feeling behind it. It passed the most profligate of repudiation Acts; it infamously extended the law of treason; gave the King's proclamations the force of law; empowered him to dispose of the Crown by will; humored him servilely in his marriages and divorces; and attainted his victims without trial or confession. It enabled a King on coming of age to rescind by letters patent all acts passed during his minority. The House of Lords was degraded enough to rise and bow at the mention of the King's name, as people bow in church at the name of the Lord. It had been pretty well weeded of the old nobility, whom the Tudor (Henry) lost no opportunity of sending to the block, as Froude innocently suggests, to enforce the responsibility of rank. Not that the remnant of the old nobility showed much more independence than the upstarts. The verdicts of juries again are taken by Froude as proof of guilt, though, as Hallam says, in cases of treason the courts were little better than caverns of murderers."

Perhaps never before did Froude receive such a severe handling as that Goldwin Smith gives him in the remaining paragraphs concerning Froude's tactics in striving to hold Henry VIII. up as a model and to cast blame upon Pope, Church, people, wives and courtiers—on any one and every one, provided his idol, Bluff Harry, were exonerated. Prof. Smith's definition of the Pope's attitude and obligation, as well as the law of the Catholic Church on marriage, is strikingly exact. We will return to this at another time. Meanwhile we must congratulate Mr. Smith upon the exceptionally just manner in which he deals with this subject; even if his passion for tearing others to pieces were the cause of his criticism.

ONE DISCORDANT NOTE.

In all the universal chorus of sympathy that has swept around the British Empire, on the occasion of Canada's loss in the death of the illustrious Premier, whom all classes, creeds, races and parties mourn, it was reserved for a certain Mr. Lebeuf, of Montreal, to raise the solitary discordant note. Without wishing to judge of that gentleman's motives, we can only express our deep regret that any such untimely incident should have taken place as that which created so much noise on the occasion of the citizen's meeting last Friday. Narrow, indeed, must be the mind that that could torture the debt which Canada owes to Sir John's afflicted family into a petty political affair. Much as we lament the ungenerous incident, we can still feel consoled in the fact that this single exception proves the general rule. The filing of a saw, or the harsh and unmusical sound of a cow-bell, cannot affect the harmony that falls from the thousand chimes the British Empire all over.

While Sir John's remains were being transferred to the British man-of-war, on Saturday, the great bell of famed Westminster tolled during an hour. That funeral knell will be wafted over the Atlantic in the wake of the "Blenheim," and on reaching our shore will be caught up by and repeated from a thousand steeples. A giant of intellect has disappeared from the arena; while, certainly, the leader of one political

party, still his services were not confined to that section of the people, they took in all Canada, they embraced the whole Empire at large. The record is to be read in Washington; it is found in the annals of Parisian tribunals; the very white-crested breakers of the Behring's Sea proclaim his greatness, and there is not a fine or appreciative mind in the Dominion that does not harmonize with the spontaneous movement in favor of the afflicted family which he left as wards to the land he served.

It would be unfair, ungenerous and unjust to hold any party or any person (except its individual author) responsible for the miserable attempt made to introduce sentiments so foreign to such an occasion. None were higher or more sincere in their praise of the dead statesman than the very leaders of the political party which circumstances obliged him to combat. None can feel more the shock which this unpatriotic, un-Canadian act produced. It is, however, a mere pebble dropped in a mighty ocean of sorrow; it disturbs a little circle for a passing moment and then sinks into oblivion.

Thank God, the vast majority of our Canadian population can rise sublimely above all differences of a minor class, and in presence of a national calamity unite in sympathy, in generous impulse, in lofty appreciation of the good and the great. Were it otherwise little hope would remain for the future glory and

prosperity of our country. In the inverse ratio of the contracting of a few smaller minds is the general expansion and intellectual development of all true Canadians, irrespective of creed, race, or social and political difference. So may it continue.

PERSONAL.

In referring to the magnificent plans drawn by our popular and gifted fellow-citizen, Mr. W. E. Doran, for the renovation of St. Patrick's Church, we omitted to mention that Mr. Doran's is not a mere local fame, nor has his splendid work been confined to Montreal. He was the architect of the new and imposing temple known as St. Joseph's Church, in Ottawa. That model design will stand as a monument to his ability and talent as long as the Capital of our country exists. It is with pride we make special mention of this fact, for it is the work of an Irish Catholic and a citizen of Montreal.

In Rome a charitable institution, carried on by the Popes, giving hospitality and refuge to the Jews and unbelievers who are about to be received into the Church, has been seized and the property confiscated by the Italian Government, that is by Crispi. There is no pretense that it is State property.

The energetic Father Biaschelli, of Italy, chief of the missionaries of the Precious Blood, is organizing a league against bad newspapers.

THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT IT.

Whether the weather is wet or dry, no matter if the atmosphere be clear and cold, or mild and humid, such as we are experiencing now; be there sleighing or wheeling, take it any way it comes, dear to the British heart is

GRAND OLD CHRISTMAS DAY,

There is no holiday to the Briton in all the year like it, and for the best of all reasons, old and young, parent and child, all look forward with eagerness to the great Christian Anniversary. We question very much if any trade contributes more or as much to the proper enjoyment of the day as ours. For months past we have been preparing for it, laying in stores for consumers until the very floors of our stores and cellars are fairly groaning beneath the weight of the accumulations, and

Now They Have Got to Go.

We have hundreds of customers for whose continued patronage, day in and day out, all the year round, we are deeply grateful, but when Christmastide comes round thousands flock to our Establishment determined that, for the Christmas dinner at any rate, they will secure their supplies from the

PREMIER ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KIND IN ALL CANADA.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

SHY OLD TOMS WILD TURKEYS

FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE.

The pick of the Chicago market. The only genuine Wild Turkeys that have come to the market this season.

ANOTHER HUNDRED BRACE BLACK DUCK.

Mallards and Greys from the Long Point Club, also Choice Prairie Chickens and Quail, fresh in. Partridges! Partridges! Etc., Etc.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

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SANTA CLAUS MUST STAY

Views of Well-Known People.

Few Fathers or Mothers Would Deprive Their Children of the Joy They Find in the Belief.

Christmas Day is essentially the children's holiday. There is no day of the year so completely given to them, and the customs and usages so typically descriptive of the occasion are thoroughly identified with childhood's hopes and joys.

The Christmas story, letter or verse writer never fails to allude to the stockings which hang beside the hearth, the Christmas tree laden with toys and sweets and glittering with myriad fancy lights which rival the children's eyes as they flash and sparkle with happy anticipation.

In every nation and in all times the legend of Santa Claus has been related to the children. It originated with the Germans, who told the little ones of the kind St. Nicholas, who came with good things for the deserving and a whip of furze for the naughty. The legend of Santa Claus, which in these end-of-the-century days we still tell to the little tot at our knee, is one of the sweetest relics of the old times—one that we can hardly dare associate with the fin de siècle child. What with dancing classes, juvenile parties and good clothes, the children of fashionable people are being carried from our sight by the awful Pied Piper of society. It is possible that the twentieth century child will laugh to scorn the idea of a Santa Claus riding over the roofs in a reindeer sleigh and performing athletic feats in chimneys. There is a strong desire on the part of some people to eradicate Santa Claus fables.

Shall Santa Claus be given up?

A SWEET MEMORY.

"One of the sweetest memories of my childhood," said Mrs. Russell Sage, "is the dawn of Christmas morning, when in nightgown and bare feet I used to steal down the stairs as still as a mouse and go to the fire-place, where my stocking was hung under the mantelpiece. I used to take down my stocking to see what Santa Claus had brought me. I would take the stocking and hug it tight in my arms, then I would stand in front of the stove and look earnestly to see if Santa Claus had left any trace of his coming or dropped any toys in his flight. I shall never forget how I first learned that Santa Claus was a myth and that it was the loving father and mother who filled the stockings. I had been quite ill the day before Christmas and a bed had been made for me on a lounge in the sitting-room so that I might be near my parent's room, which opened out of the room where the stove was. I was restless and wakeful and when my mother filled the stockings I saw her. I said, 'Why does not Santa Claus come? Is the snow too deep?' My mother told me all about it."

"There is so much that is beautiful in the legend of Santa Claus," said Mrs. Platt, wife of ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, "that I do not see how one could very well bring up one's children not to believe in it. I think it is far sweeter to teach children that a good spirit fills their stockings than it is to have a Christmas tree. I was brought up to believe in Santa Claus and so were my children, and if there is any harm in this innocent deception I fail to see it. I do not believe it ever harmed any one. I hope no stern dealer in facts will ever dispel it from the lives of the coming generations."

Mrs. Emma Eames, with her husband, Julian Story, and their pet parrot, presented a picture of domestic bliss last evening in their pretty parlor at the St. James Hotel.

DELIGHTFUL TO RECALL.

"Do I believe in teaching children the existence of a Santa Claus? Well, indeed I do," said the fair songbird. "If I had children I would tell them the legend of Santa Claus as soon as they were able to understand anything. I would not thank any one for unteaching them. How well I remember my delight as a child in hugging up my stocking on Christmas eve. I would not let any one hang it for me; I thought I knew the best place for it. How I used to bed down and not to sleep a

wink all night that I might see the good old saint when he came with his pack of toys! I suppose I managed some nights to keep awake as much as a half an hour. One night I suppose I must have dreamed of Santa Claus, but it was a very vivid dream, for I declared the next day I had seen him come out of the stove door all ashes and soot, a little old man with a bag of toys on his back. I persisted in declaring I had seen Santa Claus until I was a big girl, and no matter what any one said to me nothing could shake my faith in his existence."

Mayor Thomas F. Gilroy, surrounded by a crowd of hungry office seekers, looked like any one but a believer in fairy tales.

"Yes, indeed," he said; "I fully believe in teaching the little ones to believe in Santa Claus; he is the children's patron saint. I believe to deprive children of the belief in their stockings being filled by good old St. Nick would be to rob them of half the pleasure of childhood."

NATURAL TO CHILDHOOD.

Lillian Russell was clad in the gorgeous attire of a Grand Duchess when I saw her in her dressing room at Abbey's Theatre. She became, for the moment, the sweet, loving mother of every day life, and spoke with the tenderest feeling of her remembrance of the days when Santa Claus was an actual living human being, who rewarded all good children at Christmas time by filling their stockings.

"I did not think of Santa Claus as a fairy or a spirit, but as a sort of father who came about at Christmas time," said he. "I taught my little daughter to believe in Santa Claus, and I would not give the happiness of seeing her unload her stocking on Christmas morning for all I possess. Even now she brings her stocking and has a Christmas tree besides, and the last thing I do before retiring on Christmas eve is to fill that little stocking and hang my contributions with those of her grandma and aunties on the tree."

David Christie Murray thus briefly expresses his faith in the Santa Claus legend:

"If I had my way every child should believe in Santa Claus. Every child should believe in fairies, elves and all benevolent small people. I hate the modern utilitarian mechanisms which are killing the graceful imaginations natural to childhood."—*New York Recorder.*

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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

A Little Meditation Appropriate to the Holy Season.

We are not counting the moments until Christmas will come. They fly too fast for us to count them. But we are in the mood to go back to the times when the moments were counted. We have in our minds the preparations we made for the Christmas that came when we were young and how we enjoyed it.

We remember well the wreaths we formed from the palms we strung and how we talked of festooning the altar. While we worked we listened to the stories that were told by the older heads around which we clustered. These were of the early days when churches were few and miles upon miles betwixt them. They told how they prepared for the Christmas then and how they longed for the feast that would see a priest of God with them. They told us how only the fearless and strong could brave the storms until their eyes could greet the glimmering lights in the church afar. They gave us almost the very words filled with thoughts born of the times, which cheered the weary on their way—the Babe in its cradle, the manger.

We were fond of the stories they told, and the memories of old, and we will always cherish the thoughts that then came to us. We did not talk, we listened and thought, and loved them and their stories for the faith that was in them. "What though the walk was long and the road was rough? It was easy and short when we thought of Calvary. What though the fierce wind blew and pierced us? We thought of the Infant in the Crib and did not feel it."

We listened to their word and we began to think, what shall we do to show such love for the Infant Jesus? From the lips of our parents we had learned how we should try to make the Infant in the Crib love us. We thought of the Mother of God and holy St. Joseph, and how they dragged their weary way over the rugged path to Bethlehem. They met every now and then with the crowds which passed but none of them knew the Mother of Christ, the Virgin Mary. Her thoughts were not of the affronts she received, she was speaking with her soul to the Infant in her womb and bowing her head in submission. The time was come when the Only Begotten was to be born into the world—the place was prepared where she was to adore Him. We thought of the repulses that were received each time St. Joseph begged, "Shelter us from this night so cold!" and his eyes spoke of the love of his heart for our immaculate Mary. And we sighed as we thought of each repulse and our hearts loved on the better for it. They pass the last house and of a man whom they meet St. Joseph again humbly asks, "Where shall we find shelter?" This poor man looks at Joseph and Mary and stops just long enough to point over to the cave. They enter it and what do they see? There is little place for them to rest. Only room for the beasts, but here at last is welcome for them. The rich and the poor, yes, the poorest of the poor, may find shelter in the company of man, but when God was born of His Mother He was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. When, as pretd by the Prophet Isaias, the constellation of the virgin marked the hour of midnight,

the "Alma Mater Redemptoris" brought forth into the world Him whose generation was from eternity. He came as the sun bursts through the lighted clouds and warms into new life every creature. Mary cast her eyes upon the folds of her dress as she knelt in prayer and she stooped to gather in her arms the Infant with its tiny hands outstretched to her.

There are signs in the moon and the stars, but they are the signs of joy and gladness which proclaim to the world "Peace on earth to men of good will." God said, "Let all the angels adore Him," and millions and millions of the heavenly choirs came and went and the heavens and the earth heard "Gloria in excelsis Deo." The rich and the noble, the poor and the poorest, all except the shepherds, are wrapt in slumber. Some of the angelic hosts, doing the will of God, stop in their heavenward flight that their song may be heard by the lonely Jew, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." They looked up, were amazed, but knew well the meaning of what was said to them. Then they began to say one to another, "Let us go over to see those things that are accomplished." As they drew near with a straggling of their flocks, they saw, and believed, and hastened to adore the Infant Jesus. The storm-wet cave in its manger for a crib gives shelter to Him whom the heavens and the earth can not contain. Let us not sleep with those who slept the first Christmas night, but let us watch with the shepherds of the lonely hillside that we may meet the smile of the Infant Jesus.—S. S. M., in *Catholic Columbian.*

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MONTRÉAL. 46 G

A LEGEND OF BOHEMIA

The Midnight Mass in the Weird Castle of Kunzenburg.

BY F. P. KOPTA.

It had been one of those beautiful days that we sometimes have in Bohemia in September. The sky had been dark blue all day, and the sunlight had all the brilliancy of summer, but the air, when it fanned our cheeks, brought with it the peculiar chill of autumn, and I had been reminding my young companion of the vanity of earthly joys, and how soon we, too, would be like the withered leaves that we crushed under our feet.

It was near sunset, and the western sky was all ablaze with red and yellow clouds when I first saw the ruins of the Castle Kunzenburg, near the town of the same name. It stood on a hill, as most of the castles of Bohemia do, surrounded by almost impenetrable forests. We had been wandering all day, soliciting alms for our convent with little success, and were worn out with climbing mountains, and losing ourselves in the dense forests, to receive at the end a few coppers from some poor charcoal burner or lonely shepherd, whom I pray God will reward. Wearily my young companion (it was his first journey and he was a mere youth) and I trod the rough mountain path that led to the small town. We were footsore and faint with hunger, having eaten nothing since morning, and the people stared at us strangely; perhaps they had never seen any Minorites before, but they showed us gladly where the mayor of the town lived.

He was a pious man—God give him Paradise! When he caught sight of our white habits he bade us welcome in the name of the Lord, and placed black rye bread, with eggs and cheese, the best he had in the house, before us. As we sat at the table and feasted, we spoke of many things, and among others I asked if the lords of the castle were charitable, and if it was likely they would look upon us with favor; that our convent was exceedingly poor, and the prior had been forced to send us to solicit alms from the faithful.

"O reverend father," said our host, crossing himself devoutly, "the castle yonder has not been inhabited for half a century. Neither do the lords of the manor reside with us. Outwardly it looks stately enough, but within it is desolation."

"And why do they not repair it, my son? It seems a noble building; are the lords so wealthy as to let such a castle fall into ruins, or is it the other way, and poverty prevents their repairing it?"

"Neither, reverend father; it is haunted."

"Haunted!" said I, crossing myself.

"And who haunts it?"

"That is the trouble; no one can find out; many a holy man has exorcised the castle, but no one has succeeded in bringing peace."

"This is most strange," said I. "The evil one be far from us! And how is it haunted?"

"Strange noises are heard, as though armed men were carousing in the halls; and when one goes to see, behold, there is nothing! Then there are lights, and some of the villagers, stealing wood, or laying traps in the forest, have told me they heard shrieks, and some would even have it that they had heard strange forms flying through the air, leaving a blue path behind them, and a smell of sulphur. Thou knowest, reverend father, people always make more of what they see than is necessary; but things must be bad enough without all this, for the lords could not live in the castle—had to remove elsewhere, and every time that they had nearly sold it to some nobleman, something turned up to prevent them; sometimes it was this, sometimes that; but the long and the short of it was that they could not sell it, and there it stands a warning to Christians till to-day."

"Ah!" said the mayor's wife, as she cleared the table. "What a loss it is to the town, your reverence. How many fat geese and ducks I could have sold in the castle for good money, let alone the brave weddings and christenings! Many a holy man has the town besought to try to deliver the castle, but none were equal to the task."

"Friends," I said, rising from the table, "I will go to that castle, even now, and

deliver those tormented souls or die in the undertaking. My son," I said, turning to the youth at my side, "you will accompany me in so laudable a work?"

Great was the astonishment of the mayor and his wife. At first they tried to dissuade me, pointing out the mishaps of the way, and the danger that might beset me; but I was determined to rescue those precious souls from the evil one, and would not be persuaded. When the mayor and his wife saw that it was useless to speak further with me, they set about getting the necessary things for saying Mass; they were stored in their house for safety, as the priest came over from another town, and the church was old and in bad repair.

When everything was ready they called their servants to accompany us and help carry the things; but these flatly refused to move a step. And when the mayor abused them for cowardly knaves, they said they had been hired out to serve people, Christians like themselves, but not to run into the clutches of the evil one, and perhaps lose their souls. The mayor cursed, and the good wife scolded, but I said:

"Peace, peace! I and the youth will go alone. Not many things are necessary, nor are they heavy. Commend us to the Lord's keeping, and let us be gone, as it is nearly ten."

"If you are so brave, master," said one of the knaves, "go yourself with the Rev. Father and the pious youth."

"Thou lowborn clod! Dare thou speak so to me? Hast thou not heard that I made a vow never to enter the castle, come a year next Saint John, when old Jacob told us of the sights he had seen and the noises he had heard? And have I not children, thou beast on two legs?"

I saw my young companion's face turn pale at these words, and fearing the lad might lose heart, for he had not yet received the last consecration, and was young, I commended them to God's keeping and hurried on to where I saw the towers of the castle rise against the sky. It was a beautiful moonlit night, but we were weary, and the hill was hard to climb; more than once we lost our way in the forest, and had to seek out the right path as best we could. More than once the youth Augustin said to me,—"Worthy father, had it not been better to have stayed in the village?"

"My son," I replied, "a monk should be willing to go to the very pit of hell to save a soul."

"But perhaps we shall not save them, and may be stricken with strange madness or death ourselves. I have heard of such things."

"That cannot be denied," I answered. "But we have consecrated ourselves to the Highest. If we die, we die to God and in his service, and will receive our reward in heaven. But it seems to me we are nearing the castle; let us pray for those poor souls and ourselves."

Silently we entered the great hall. Here and there the roof had fallen in, and the moonlight streamed in from the holes that had once been windows. We wandered like two shadows from one room into the other. In the banquetting hall we found great heaps of rubbish, and everywhere we saw dark openings in the ground, leading to the dungeons or into the underground stables that are so common in Bohemian ruins.

It took us quite a time to find out what had originally been the chapel, and when we had found it I lost no time in covering what remained of the altar with linen cloths and arranging the crucifix and candles upon it. Augustin's hands trembled so that he could hardly light the candles, and while I whispered to him not to be afraid, that he was in God's keeping, we heard the clock in the village strike twelve, and I began to celebrate mass, while Augustin knelt at the foot of the altar, as clerk, to make the responses and minister to me.

Hardly had I begun when I noticed that Augustin had fallen into a profound slumber, with his head resting on the stone step of the altar, and a shudder went through me when I heard a voice behind me make the responses to the "Introibo ad altare Dei." Three times the strange voice answered clearly and rightly. Then taking heart, thinking that ghosts so godly would not do me harm, I went on with the Mass, though I was still afraid to turn around to see who it was that answered and ministered to me. But when I came to the "Dominus vobiscum" I had to turn round, and then I saw a number of men, all young



but with white hair, in long black cloaks; their hands were folded and they all seemed lost in prayer. My companion lay at my feet in deep sleep, but two of the young men ministered to me with scrupulous care. I went on with the Mass, and my ghostly congregation responded. The candles flared in the midnight wind, and now and then a bat would fly over my head, and I could hardly recognize my voice, so strange and solemn did it sound amidst the ruins.

When the time of the awful consecration had come, I turned round to my strange congregation, who were kneeling in the moonlight, and holding up the Host before their eyes, while they knelt before me in profound and silent adoration, I conjured them by the Living God to tell me why they haunted this castle, and why they could not find rest for their souls.

Then the eldest of them, a man of gigantic stature, said:

"All of us that you see here were once lords of the castle, but not rightful owners. My mother, who was a peasant woman, and wet nurse to the young lord, changed us at birth, and her son became the lord, and the rightful owner lived and died in poverty as a poor peasant, hated and persecuted by us all, as we feared that our crime might come to light. When my mother was near death she wished to confess her sin, but I prevented her from seeing the priest, and she died without confession, begging me to restore the lands to the rightful owner, or be sure of her curse and the vengeance of Heaven. I paid no attention to her words, neither did those who succeeded me. We lived and died as the lords, and the real heir and his descendants lived and died in poverty as breakers of stone in the hut at the foot of this castle. We could, none of us, find peace till we had acknowledged our sins; but now we shall find rest for our souls, the more that the last of the sons of the real lord will die at sunrise; our line will end at the same time, and the property will pass away to the right owners. Here on this parchment is the confession of my mother and myself, with all the necessary information required to place the estate in the hands of the rightful heirs. I wrote it before I died, but I did not have the courage to give it up. I conjure thee by the living God to fulfil my wish."

As he finished speaking he laid a roll of parchment at my feet that he had kept hidden under his coat, and a bunch of fragrant white lilies, the flowers of Mary.

"Do my bidding speedily, servant of God," he said, "for when these flowers of paradise fade, thou shalt receive the reward of the righteous."

* * * * *

This was written by the venerable Father Fidelis, who died three days after celebrating Mass in the Castle of Kunzenburg. The estates passed to the family of Perastein. I, the monk Augustin, of the order of the Minorites, was with the reverend father when he celebrated Mass in the castle, but, overpowered by sleep, I did not see the sights he saw, neither did I hear the words. When I awoke I found the reverend father kneeling before the altar in a swoon; on the altar lay the roll and the lilies. He related this tale to me exactly as he has written it, and after having placed the parchment in the hands of honorable men, he prepared his soul to meet his Saviour. On the third day the lilies faded, and he fell asleep never to wake in this world again.

Written in the convent of the Minorites by the monk Augustin, 1406.

He: Higbee would have run through his fortune in a year if it hadn't been for his wife. She: How did she prevent it? He: She spent it herself.

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WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?
Doctors highly recommend it to those
Who are run down;
Who have lost appetite;
Who have difficulty after eating;
Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;
And to Nursing Mothers,
as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.
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Takes pleasure in wishing all good citizens a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and at the same time he would like it to be known that he has the largest and the best stock of Groceries, Fruits, Provisions, Confectionery, etc., etc., that is to be found in the whole Dominion. His stock is simply immense, and has been all specially imported by himself or for his own Family Trade. Nobody can make a mistake in buying their Christmas Goods from him, as the quality of everything is guaranteed.

Mr. Paul will not, in this advertisement, attempt to enumerate anything, as his stock can best be described in one word—Complete.

The public are invited to call and see the store. Whether they buy or not they will be made welcome. They will find it to be a matter of education just to examine the wonderful variety of fine goods.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. } SUPERIOR COURT,
District of Montreal. } No. 1581.
Dame Georgiana Corriveau, wife of Narcisse Vermette, Manufacturer, of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to sue, Plaintiff, vs. Narcisse Vermette, of the same place, Defendant.
An action of separation of property has been instituted this day.
Montreal, 5th December, 1891.
VILLENUEVE,
FONTAINE & LABELLE,
Attorneys of the Plaintiff.
22-5

House and Household.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

That in putting away gowns and coats the sleeves should be filled with crushed tissue paper.

That the closets and trunks in which clothing is to be packed away should be cleaned and aired.

To make ice last as long as possible wrap it in newspapers before putting it in the refrigerator.

A gas jet burning low quickly impoverishes the air of a sick room. Sperm candles are preferable.

That alcoves and recesses for beds are abominable. There cannot be proper ventilation to keep the mattresses sweet.

That ammonia used in hair wash not only pales the hair and dulls the color, making it lustreless, but also renders it brittle and rough.

That for slight cuts and abrasions of the skin nothing is better than glycerine, into which a few drops of carbolic acid have been poured.

That as far as possible sleeping rooms should be selected that are daily purified by the sun's rays. Fresh air is all right, but it needs to be supplemented by sunlight.

To take grease stains out of leather use the white of a fresh egg, and apply a small quantity of it to the stain. Dry it in the sun. Repeat the process until the grease is removed.

That while a tea gown is a pretty and appropriate costume to wear while receiving afternoon callers in an informal fashion, the tea jacket for such a purpose is quite out of place.

That light undressed kid gloves, if not too badly soiled, may be cleaned by preparing a generous quantity of cracker crumbs, buttoning the gloves on the hands and rubbing thoroughly with the crumbs.

USEFUL RECIPES:

THE BEST EYE-OPENER.

A pint of hot water with a squeeze of lemon or grape juice in it is the best eye-opener, the cheapest cock-tail, the finest breakfast appetizer and the most harmless to be in the list of morning drinks. It will not cure a bad stomach, liver or complexion at once, but it may in time. Illness develops by degrees; remedies operate the same way.

THE PEANUT A BLESSING.

The peanut is said to rank in its composition with dried beef, as it has much the same nutritive value as flesh of the ox. The attention of European scientists is said to have been drawn to it, not only for its value as food for animals, but for the purpose of adding to the list of articles available that it will take high rank as an addition to the rations for armies and navies.

THE SECRET OF WHITE BREAD.

I sat one morning in the bright clean kitchen of a lumber camp, watching the cook make bread. After kneading the bread he took enough for a loaf and drew it out again and again, rolling it up each time as we would puff paste. Then he set it aside to rise, repeating the process before putting it into the pans. This he said was the secret of white flaky bread.

FASHION AND FANCY.

Braiding still appears on many smart cloth gowns. Green velvet braided in black and used to trim a blue cloth dress is only one of the fashionable tri-colored combinations in this sort of trimming.

Black and Lincoln green is a favorite combination of the season that has about it an especial dash and style. An appropriate trimming for a gown of this scheme is jet passementerie studded with emeralds in the new jewelled effects.

The new godet pleats for sleeves give to those already mammoth affairs an added touch of amplitude. The pleats stand out in three straight loops from the shoulder, their size being in many cases apparently only limited by ability to buy material.

A lovely dinner gown in the trousseau of a young lady is a white satin gown with a bodice of white accordion-plaited chiffon, trimmed with white crystal paillette embroidery and a sash of bright rose-colored watered silk.

cade, with a bodice of white accordion-plaited chiffon, trimmed with white crystal paillette embroidery and a sash of bright rose-colored watered silk. A tea gown in the same trousseau was of white cashmere trimmed with rose velvet.

Buttons have taken inches, and, it may be added, dollars, too. Six or eight large buttons trim a bodice, four being used in front, two set on the semi-postillion back, and often two more in the scarf or hand which finishes the wrists. These buttons come in sets, some of them exquisitely painted by hand, in Dresden effect, others richly jewelled, all costly.

Black velvet shoes with tiny paste buckles are worn with black velvet gowns. A feature of London shoes is the broguing, which is holes punched in the leather in a pattern. This season a color to match or harmonize with a costume is introduced under the broguing. White shoes for dress wear are being made in a white and silver brocade on the supposition that the pattern of the brocade breaks the unbecoming whiteness of plain kid or satin.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

The organist of St. Anthony's, Miss Donovan, is indisposed and will probably be unable to preside at Midnight Mass to night. In that case Mr. Maurice Rayner will take her place.

The children of St. Anthony's Catechism class were very happy yesterday in possession of their Christmas prizes. The last term has been a very successful one and the children have made good progress.

The net sum realized at the five o'clock tea recently given by the ladies of St. Anthony's Church was \$604.

LECTURE BY MR. HALLEY.

There was a good attendance at the lecture delivered in St. Anthony's Hall on Tuesday last, Dec. 18 Mr. E. Halley, the lecturer, handled the subject, "A Tour in Ireland" very cleverly and the pleasure of the entertainment was much

increased by the splendid stereopticon views managed by Mr. J. Halley. During the progress of the lecture, songs appropriate to the subject illustrated were sung by the following gentlemen: Messrs. J. Moran, C. J. Hamlin and A. M. Rice. A recitation was given by Mr. J. Doyle.

[Written for THE TRUE WITNESS.]

THE HOLY BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

Though countless stories have been told, A-d myriad anthems written, sung, Of how Our Lord in days of old, A child, His children came among, The Christian student now, alway Will never tire of hearing them, Nor of bold Herod's plot to slay The Holy Babe of Bethlehem.

O wondrous tale! our heart it thrills, As we recall that blessed night, When o'er Judea's lonesome hills The mystic star shone out so bright Above the place where Mary kept Close vigil near her precious Gem, While He, her Son and Master, slept— The Holy Babe of Bethlehem.

O scene sublime! on Fancy's wings We backward go through time and space, To see once more the Kings of Kings And Man-made Saviour of our race; Reclining in His crib rude-wrought, A sovereign with no diadem, Whom from afar the Wise Men sought— The Holy Babe of Bethlehem.

We turn from this and swiftly glide Along the years to Calvary, Where, on the cross, He meekly died That erring mankind might be free. In awe we pause to contemplate This dreadful deed by sons of Shem, Who soon avenged in their own fate The Holy Babe of Bethlehem.

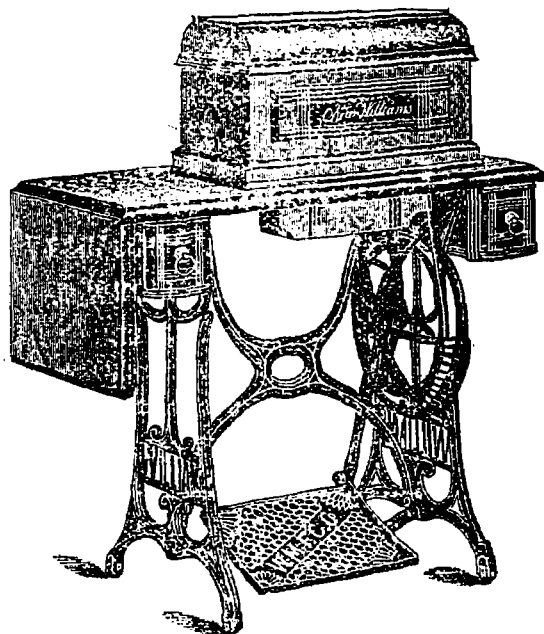
Our feeble minds in vain essay To fully grasp His act divine, And till time has passed away And light eternal on us shine; How'er we try as best we can, Sin's ever treacherous tide to stem, For love of Him who drew life's plan— The Holy Babe of Bethlehem.

We hear the Christmas bells again Ring out in joy for Jesus' birth, And "Peace on earth, good-will to men," Is chanted roundabout the earth. Meanwhile we moulder to youthful whim Loved legends of Jerusalem, And pray to dwell at last with Him— The Holy Babe of Bethlehem.

ANON.

Music of the season—Sounds from the light catarrh.

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SIR JOHN'S FUNERAL

ARRANGEMENTS BEING MADE IMPERIAL TROOPS TO TAKE PART.

A despatch from Halifax dated Saturday 8:30:—

Messrs. Caste and Dodwell waited on Gen. Moore to-day, and it has been decided that the body of the late Premier will be brought from the Benheim to the Ordnance wharf, where it will be received by a guard of honor of Imperial troops and placed on a gun-carriage, drawn by four horses, and accompanied by a military cortege will be taken to the provincial building, the streets being lined with Imperial troops.

The body will lie in state on New Year's day, and on Wednesday morning will be quietly removed to St. Mary's Cathedral. There will be a guard of honor at the church during the service, after which the body will be moved to the funeral car, the procession formed and proceed to the cemetery, via Pleasant, Inglis and South Park Streets, which will be lined with the militia and troops, and there will be a guard of honor from the regulars at the cemetery from the entrance to the grave.

R. P. Greenwood has designed the funeral car, which is to be built here, and, if the design is carried out, will be a magnificent affair. The car itself will be draped in black velvet, trimmed with silver fringe, from the upper portion of which will be suspended black tassels. The space for the coffin will be covered with black silk, with silver trimmings, surrounded by Corinthian festooning. Four Corinthian columns, with plants entwined, will support the canopy, which is to be of black silk, trimmed with black and silver cord, the base surrounded by pompoms, and the whole surmounted by a silver cross, with large pompoms at either side.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

What it Means to be Lost in a Canadian Blizzard.

BY G. H. LEES.

[The following is an absolutely true narrative of actual facts, and was written down for Godsey's Magazine, from Mr. Lees' dictation, the loss of both his hands, of course, precluding him from writing.]

On Christmas morning, 1886, I started about ten o'clock from Indian Head, Manitoba, Canada, with her Majesty's mail, to travel forty miles. It was a very cold morning, and blowing thirty degrees below zero. I had been on my journey about an hour, when I began to feel very sleepy, through the intense cold, and so got out to walk. The storm increased so that I could not see twenty yards before me, but I still kept the trail, till something happened to the harness. I threw my gloves into the sleigh while I put it right, hanging the reins on the front board.

When I went back to get in, the ponies bolted, leaving me without gloves. I ran some distance, when the cold seemed to make me faint. I lay down an hour before I could recover myself sufficiently to start again; when I did, both hands were frozen stiff.

The blizzard cleared, and when I had thawed my eyes (which were frozen up with the drifting snow) I could see a shanty about a mile off the trail. I started to it, but bad luck attended me. When I reached it, it was uninhabited, and my hands were so frozen that I could not move a finger to get in, so I sat down in a shed to consider what would be best to do.

Feeling perished as my feet began to freeze, I was obliged to walk on. I saw another place I knew across the prairie, about two miles from where I stood, and started for it as well as I could get along, but still worse luck attended me. I had gone only half my journey when the blizzard increased, so that it froze my eyes up and nearly choked me. I turned my back to the storm and tried to retrace my footsteps, but the snow had completely swept them out; and I was lost, as I thought, forever.

I walked on, both sore and hungry, but dared not sleep, knowing it would mean death; but could not see anything. As night came on the blizzard abated, but it was no help to me when darkness had set in. I knew it meant that I must walk or die.

Suffering now with hunger and thirst, I ate some snow, but every time I took it, it pulled the skin off my lips. I walked on until I was completely played out, falling down some twenty times, sometimes seven or eight feet, and it took me some time to recover myself, not being able to use my hands, and afraid they would break; my elbows, too, began to feel sore, through the frost and falls. Once or twice I followed a bright star, thinking it might be a light in a shanty; it seemed about on a level with the snow.

I had been walking until about midnight, when I fell down a bank about ten feet right into the snow, where I thought I should lie and die. I had a Scotch collie with me, and he curled up close and kept me warm. I think I must have slept a little time, as the dog was howling when I awoke. I was very stiff, and struggled more than an hour to get up the embankment. When at the top I was on the open plain, and my dog was gone. The moon was shining, and I walked on to a wood, which sheltered me a little from the cold. I was very hungry now, as I had been walking twenty hours without food, and, being famished, I had to bite the snow off the trees, though it pulled the skin off my lips.

Then I lay down again for a time. Presently my dog came back, and I was very pleased to see him, thinking anything to die with was better than being alone. He left me again in the night; his feet were freezing, and he was howling with pain; but came back again when it was getting light, lying down as if dead. I got on to a trail, and thought I should find some shanty. I left my dog, thinking he was dying. I had to clamber through the wood where it had been burned a few years before by the dreaded prairie fire, the trees that had fallen and not been burned lying on the ground, so that I had to clamber over them, often falling and with great difficulty getting up.

At last I got on the prairie again, but

the blizzard was worse than ever, the temperature being now forty degrees below zero. Walking on about a mile, I came to a haystack. Thinking there might be a shanty near, but not finding one, I lay down by the side of the stack. I should think this would be about seven o'clock.

After lying a little time I thought I would go back again to my dog and die with him in the wood. I had not gone more than three parts of the way before he met me, barking with delight. I followed him through the wood until we came to a steep hill, impossible for me to walk up; but the dog kept trying to make me start. I crawled on my elbows as I was now afraid of breaking my hands to pieces. They were like glass. I had got on nicely for about fifty yards, the dog licking my face, when I slipped back about twenty yards. It must have taken me half an hour to get to the top, but when I got there what joy it was to see a shanty and people in it!

I was helpless when I got into the warmth for a little time, but soon knew I must try to save my hands and arms. The people were very good, helping in every way to save them, getting me a pail of cold water, in which I held them for twelve hours. The ice came out in balls; but it was of no use. The good lady fed me; trying to ease the pain as much as she could. My eyes, too, were dreadful; she laid cold tea-leaves on them, which I believe saved me much pain. They removed my boots and socks as quickly as they could, and cut the feet to let the blood out. After I had been lying with my hands in the water so long they took me and laid me on the bed near the stove, and wrapped my hands in paraffin rags. They could not send for the doctor that day, as the blizzard was so bad. After lying in this state for two days he came, but said he could do no good to me there, but I must go to Q'Appelle, about twenty miles away.

My friends drove me to the Indian Head, but I was very sore, their sleigh not being long enough to lie at length in it. After this other friends carried me to the hotel and fed me, while the rest got a wagon and put it on sleighs with a spring mattress and rugs, and started me on my journey again.

I went on comfortably for the next ten miles, when I arrived at the Leeland Hotel, where six men carried me up stairs on a blanket. I lay here seven days, Doctor Edwards and the manager of the hotel doing all they could for me. The students from the college used to come and sit up with me. Doctor Edwards told me I must have both hands taken off, if not one foot, so I thought it best to go to the General Hospital, Winnipeg.

I started on January 3rd, at half-past three o'clock in the morning, arriving at Winnipeg at half-past six o'clock at night, being taken from the station in a fly, and admitted about seven o'clock. After having a nice warm bath, I was put to bed, receiving every attention. I had as many as eight doctors to see me, but they gave up my hands as hopeless. On the 23rd of January they took them both off, about two inches above my wrists. I was in bed eleven weeks and Nurse Reynolds attended me and dressed my arms all the time.

I left Winnipeg on April 1st, going West to some friends until strong enough to return home. My fare was paid to Liverpool, and I started the 3rd of June, stopping to see the nurse on Sunday, when I met an old mate who was in the hospital all the time with me to have his big toe taken off. He fed me, sleeping with me to dress me. His name was Tom Collett; he put me on the train Sunday night, and I arrived at Quebec on Wednesday night, late. I stayed with French people at the hotel and found it very comfortable.

In the morning I went on to the Allan Liner Sardinian, and we left Quebec about twelve o'clock a.m. I had an intermediate ticket; it was quite as good as first class. The captain sent a sailor to look after me; he dressed, fed, and attended to me in every way he possibly could. We had a good voyage, arriving at Liverpool on the Saturday before Jubilee Day, but too late to send a telegram home. The sailor saw me on the train at Liverpool at eleven o'clock at night, and I reached London about four o'clock next morning, where a policeman showing me a waiting room, I slept until seven o'clock, after which I had refreshment, leaving King's Cross at once and reaching home at eleven o'clock having been away from England one year and a half.

CHRISTMAS PERFORMANCE

BY THE BOYS OF ST ANN'S SCHOOL.

A very amusing performance, which was up to the usual good quality of the performances given by the boys of St. Ann's School, took place on Saturday in St. Ann's School. There was a large attendance. The musical programme rendered by the boys was excellent. The following took part in the entertainment: J. Slattery, J. Murray, F. McCrory, T. Corran, G. Leblanc, T. J. Donnelly, Thos. Gerson, Frederick Hagan, George Gummerell, Joseph O'Dwd, Arthur O'Leary, Robert Fitzgerald, William Linton, Jas. Fitzgerald, Robert Hart, Charles Lennon, Peter M. Guire, Peter Flood.

The Subaco Benedictiones have been honored with a special mark of regard by Leo XIII. He has himself assumed the rank of protector of the order, the post having been left vacant by the death of the late Cardinal Ricci-Parociani. The congregation is called the Cassinese Benedictine Congregation of Primitive Observance and has fourteen abbeys and seventeen priories in such different parts of the world as Italy, France, Austria, Spain, England, Holland, Belgium, the United States and Auckland Island.



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RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The North American College at Rome is now no longer deserted. Mr. O'Connell, D.D., the rector, and the Rev. Dr. Roker, the vice-rector, have returned with all the students from Grottaferata.

Cardinal Gustavus Adolphus d'Hohenlohe, brother of the new German Chancellor, was elevated to the purple in 1866. After having resigned the Cardinal-Bishopric of Albaso, he holds the title of St. Calixtus.

Mgr. Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, is one of the most prominent Catholic social workers of Italy. It was he who, Fenelon-like, publicly retracted in the pulpit of his own cathedral those of his views concerning the temporal power which Rome had disapproved of.

Bishop Wigger, who has just returned from Europe, seems much improved in health, and says the Pope looks in much better health than he was when he saw him five years ago, having entirely lost the tremor in his voice with which he was afflicted then.

Sister Angelina, known to the world as Miss Fannie Carroll, a daughter of ex-Police Commissioner Carroll, of Brooklyn, died recently in the Convent of the Visitation in Clinton avenue, Brooklyn. She was twenty-six years old, and had been sick for a number of weeks.

The death is announced of M. Claudio Jannet, professor of political economy in the Paris Catholic University. Born in 1844, he was one of the chief disciples of Le Play, and was the author of works on "Sparta," "Rome," "The United States," "Italy," and "State Socialism."

The Rev. William M. R. Callan, Rector of the Church of Our Lady of the Valley, Orange, N. J., has broken ground for the new church which will be built for his parish in the spring. It will be of brownstone in the Gothic style. The plans will be prepared this winter. Father Callan will use the materials from the present church, so far as they will go, in the new church.

FROM NORTHERN NORWAY

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY MADE IN THAT FAR-OFF LAND.

The Wonderful Remedial and Nourishing Properties of Cod-Liver Oil—A Priceless Gift From the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

There has been nothing discovered by medical science to take the place of Cod-liver Oil. It is somewhat singular that there should be obtained from the livers of cod-fish a nourishment and remedial agent which cannot be supplanted by some other food-medicine, but, nevertheless, such is the undisputed fact.

How Cod-liver Oil was discovered is not definitely known. It is certain, however, that up in the cold regions of the North the relatives long ago made use of all parts of the fish they caught that could possibly be made available for food, and it is probable that the Lapps of Northern Norway have known the virtues of Cod-liver Oil for a century. They found that in Cod-liver Oil were nourishing powers not possessed by any other food or medicine within their reach, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the benefits of a substance so easy for them to obtain.

About fifty years ago, the medical world in civilized countries became impressed with Cod-liver Oil, and by close observation and experiment, physicians found that Cod-liver Oil could be made a wonderful help to their profession. The result of investigation proved that after Cod-liver Oil was taken into the system it became an emulsion, just as milk is an emulsion of butter. This knowledge resulted twenty years ago in the appearance of Scott's Emulsion, which has now become a world-famed preparation.

Scott's Emulsion has taken the place of Cod-liver Oil, that is in its raw state. Scott's Emulsion and Cod-liver Oil are of course one and the same thing, except that in Scott's Emulsion the taste of the oil is completely disguised and all of the objections advanced by a nervous person with a weak stomach are entirely overcome. Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of converting the oil into an emulsion, but it does not result in any unnatural process of digestion and assimilation.

Scott's Emulsion aids the digestion of other foods in the stomach, and is then passed on and assimilated in the natural way. Anything which is digested or assimilated in an unnatural manner should be taken only on a doctor's prescription.

The endorsement by physicians of Scott's Emulsion is no bombast or buncombe. In all diseases or unhealthy conditions indicated by excessive wasting, Scott's Emulsion aids medical science more than any other nourishment. Scott's Emulsion helps a dyspeptic person by aiding the digestion of other foods, and to a person who is failing in health it gives increased appetite and promotes the making of solid flesh and gives vital strength. It enriches the blood, makes new lung-tissue and overcomes all wasting tendencies.

In cases of inflammation of Throat and Lungs Scott's Emulsion has no equal in power to afford quick relief. It cures the most stubborn cough, soothes and cures sore throat, and overcomes all the early stages of consumption.

In the wasting of the vital elements of the blood Scott's Emulsion also works wonders. Anæmic or scrofulous persons are made well by it, and there is restored the pure skin and healthy color.

It is almost useless to refer to Scott's Emulsion as a nourishment for babies and children. Its name is a household word in hundreds of thousands of families where there have been thin babies and children who were thin and pale. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion. It insures a healthy growth.

Scott's Emulsion is for sale by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1. Pamphlet mailed free on application to Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

A HORRIBLE MURDER.

The Santo Spirito Hospital was the recent scene of a most atrocious murder, the victim being an innocent Sister of Charity. The assassin was admitted to the hospital in the month of October last suffering from consumption, but his conduct was so violent, and he gave such incessant annoyance to all those in the same ward with him, that after he had

been remonstrated with several times, the case was reported to the director, Dr. Ballori, who made every possible inquiry before taking any steps. The doctor, finding that the complaints were only too well founded, the man, together with two others, was expelled from the hospital. For this he swore to be revenged, and when an Italian of his character once says he will have his "vendetta," he is rarely known to renounce his idea, but broods over it and nurses his imaginary woes until finally he commits some crime which places him within the power of the law and, for a time at least, relieve society of his dangerous presence.

Romanelli, the murderer, attributed the unfavorable reports made to the director about his conduct to Sister Augustine, who had special charge of the consumptive ward, and he entered the hospital with a number of visitors, hid in one of the long corridors, and when the poor young Sister passed near him, sprang upon her like a wild animal, stabbing her repeatedly with a long knife before any of the horrified witnesses of the scene could interfere or even prevent his escape. The victim, who was carried to her cell and expired almost immediately, was a great favorite in the hospital, where her untiring devotion to the patients and gentle character won her the esteem and respect of all. It seems almost incredible to relate that the cowardly assassin remained in the vicinity of the hospital for two days, and when arrested was waiting for the director in order to, as he himself said, "Send him to a better world also." No words can describe the indignation felt in Rome at the fearful crime, and the civil authorities, as well as Catholics, are in unison in their efforts to show tokens of profound veneration for the martyred man.

The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the parish church of Santo Spirito and the crowd was so great that many could not enter the sacred edifice. All the Sisters of Charity, and they are very numerous in Rome, were present, as well as the members of hundreds of other convents and other religious institutions. The funeral car was covered with wreaths of beautiful flowers from every class of society in Rome, and the funeral procession was composed of the members of almost every religious and secular institution in the Eternal City, bearing their respective banners, and deputations from all the confraternities chanted the litanies and prayers for the dead from the hospital to the Campo Verano Cemetery, a distance of about four miles.

"Yes," said the bill collector at the funeral of the slow debtor, "Owelots was a gentleman; I'll say that of him. I never called on him professionally but he gave me a very cordial invitation to come again."



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height and about five feet in width. May
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Montreal, 19th December 1894.
[BEAUDIN, CARDIN & LORANGE
Attorneys of the Society "L'Alliance Nationale."
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